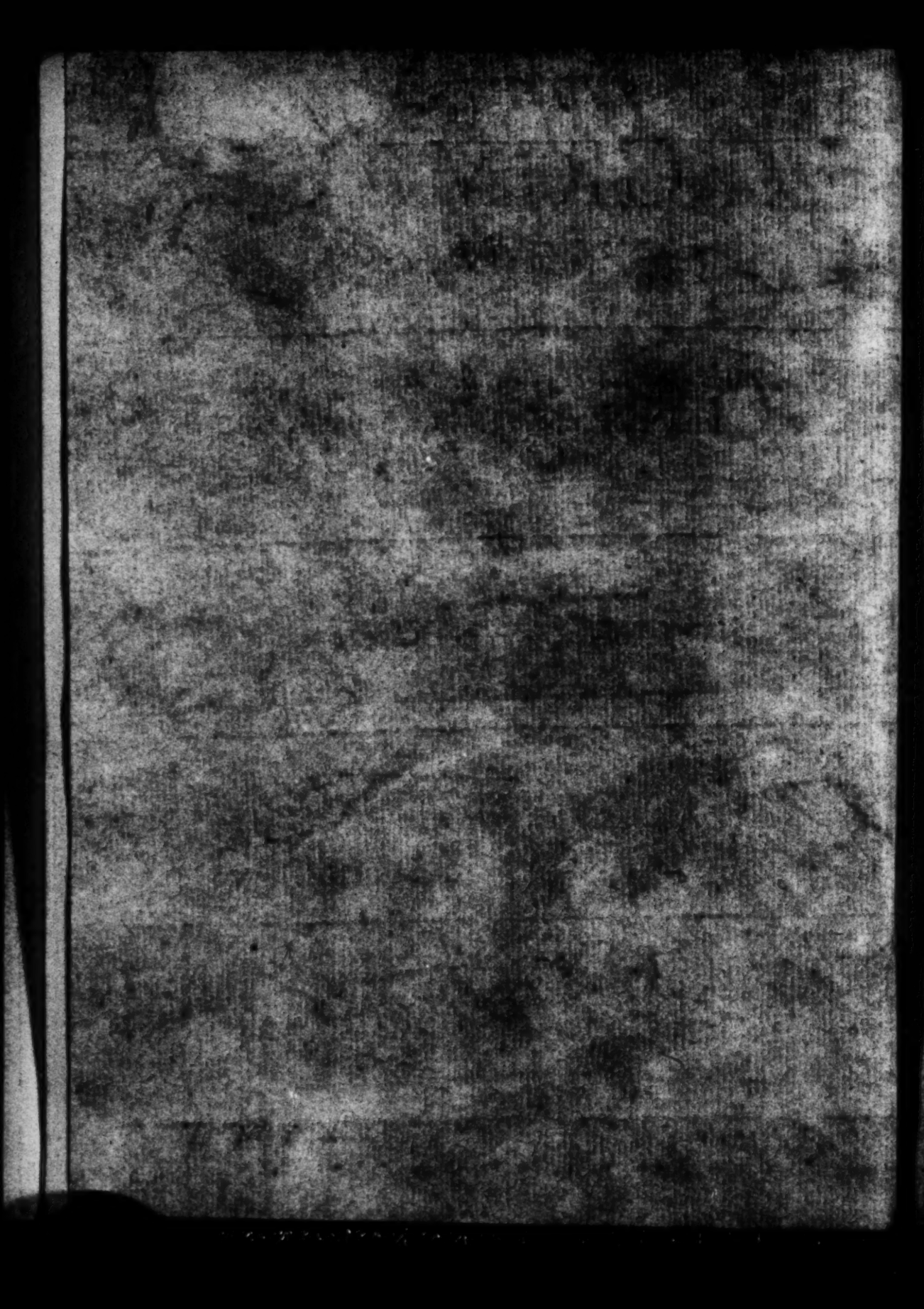


To the Right noble, and Highly honored *Lord Philip Herbert, Earle of Mount-gomery and Baron of Shurland. &c.*

NOt for thine health, & Prince unto thy Sire,
Nor for thine high a Monarch to thy friend,
Nor for thine high'st Honors height aspire,
Nor for thine Fame of long Books, or long Song,

Do I appropriate the fame to Thee:
Else, make and shew (which is beyond it self)
Thy Blood to have been more than noble, more
Than to find Blood do Kindly Sires Blood bear.

Yet, if there be ought that fitly stand
To hold with these for my noble pains,
Thou art owner of the whole Land
And my first fruits are thine by right.

For, I would reform a great part of my Book
Ere that possibly misfortune should that least deprave;
Sith that both all (by nature) is humane,
Then (first or second) fit to whom they ought to have.

And where some Sparks, that rise from Holes obscure,
To Glories height, do promise all successful prove,
(Till have of all (Pride's hire) their fallen posture)
Then GREATNESSE bravest arbour to would our envy,

To the same vnelle noble Earle, and his most honorable other halfe Sir *Iames Hayes* knight, &c.

Sith God and King, and your mindes sympathie
Haue made you Two, an vndeuided One,
(One, as of two loue makes an Vnitie,)
I cannot giue a Guift to one alone;
For (will I, nill I) to one I (
A coxen of my loue, or louers fit,
That sending to the other must extend.
Sith loue doth make your Vnion intire)
Your Soueraigne (that with iudgements sharpest fire
Transpearceth all that is opposd to it)
Saw ye were made for loue of *Maiestie*,
Sith careleſſe yee were of more* benefit
O they are worthie to be *Maiesties*
To God, and King that loue but for their loue:
Who, to them both, and their dominions,
Yeeld fruites of fweete obſequie for both their bonds.
No Seame ere saw two Fauorites of a King
(For, for the most part, such hurt Great, and Small)
More deare to al, for their glad entertainings.
Then your (deere Paire) preſt to do good to all.
In loue consending who, for *Vertues* sake,
(O blessed Strife excelling Victorie!)
Shall do most good, & most * vnto himselfe vnbinden make.
To you, to whom the World it selfe would fye:
Hold on rare Spirites; this emulation
Is such as, with fine force, your fames aduance
Beyond the compaſſe of Confusion,
And reach of *Enuy*, Sclander, and Mischance.
O striue you still to show the World yee scorne
To vtter such publicke grace to priuate * gaine:
(As if you were for your * selues only borne,)
Sith all, but *Vertue*, is as vile as Vayne!
And if I liue, yet, liuing thus, I may
Legend your liues in Lines that scorne decay:
And, skill shall faile me but Ile place yee neere
Caſtor, and *Pollux* in the Heauenly Sphere.

The vnpeare'd louer of your heroicall vertues Iohn *Daniel*.

Thou that dost knitte the Brow to soften looke,
As what but scemes, or else is loude or light;
And lookst for wisedome oft in witlesse bookes,
(Sterne Granida) avert from me thy sight,
I am the Issue of a labrong braine,
Wherein all kind of Fancies breeding bee,
Good, bad, indifferent, all of either Straine,
Some as unfitte, as some are fitte for thee.
I probablie presume thou canst not love,
Sith Saturne sits above saint Venus Sphere,
Then I am not for thee, for I do moove
But in her Spheare that beares the world awaie.
Yet if (unlike thy selfe) thou long'st to see
What, who, and whence I am, shew forwth thy fret
And looke on That which I have glad to write
And for that good bold me in good account
For if (but like a flesh-flie) thou will lighte
On nought but Sores, and shun the soundest parts,
Then nought shall publish vanitie their delighte
For all have faults though some have perfect parts
I grant my Lines reache not to those Mysteries
That touch Religion: State, or Policy.
I meddle not with Causes of Effects
Farre greater then Loues large capacity:
But in round rimes (with Reason Dixi) I
Do runne those Points that paint at Loues delights
And if some Rubbes do make me run awry
Yet may I, on this Ground well round alighte
But, howsoere I runne, stoppe not my Race,
That tends but to the Mistris full of grace.

The

VVHy makst (fond Muse) a mixture so vnmeet
Of good, and bad in this thou hast compos'd
Sith good and bad, do marre all where they meete,
If they, in one by armes of Art be clos'd?
Is it because thou so wouldst Simbolize
The nature of the *All*, in nature bred,
Whose good doth bad, and bad doth good comprize
So as they scarce can be distinguished?
Or ist sith thou wouldst please the good and bad,
And so (like Sinne) a people-pleaser bee?
Else ist because that vice & Vertues trade
Is measurd by the rule of Vanity?
What ere it be it is farre out of Square,
If it be tride by true Decorums Squire,
Yet skils it not, sith out so all things are
That made are of Earth, Water, Aire, and Fire?
Then these, of Wits fire made, for Aire of Fame,
(Yet some are Earthly, on with folly flow)
The fire is faultie, and the Aire too blame:
Yet heat and moisture make young things to grow
But yet if these grow great, and swell with praise
more then with number, or invention,
Then good and bad, conioynd in these Essaies,
Doth please the World, best pleasd with both in one.
Yet what is got by pleasing one so base
But high'st displeasure of the High'st of all,
Abuse of Nature, Arte, Witt, Time, and Grace,
Abuse to please ABVSES Generall:
Then take this for a vantage, World, for I
Will please thee so no more, but liue, and dy
Thy fained frend, or open Enemy.

VVHat meanes this mist, that my Reason to beare
To forge these Fancies light as Ayre?
To set the World on fire which amorous heate,
That now lies drowned in such vanity?
I know I should not do it, and I knew
This knowledge much excuseth my misdue.
Why do I then my science herein shew,
Where greatest skill doth merit greatest blame?
And who doth loue this vaine of fancy most,
So as they leaue to be, what they were most?
That thus the powers of my wit doe straine,
To please vaine Skums with Cunning of vaine?
Here VVit it self (though well it self it knowes)
Wants skill to coyne excuse the fault to shadow.
Then, Reason runne, &c.
VVilt thou mislead by thy misguiding Queene,
To please base Earth, wilt thou be Heauens displeas'd?
That knowest so well the Earth vanities,
Sock'st thou for fame with thy Creator vices?
Then thou, &c.
(Yet some are Earthly wise, &c.
(For, Faith, in Truth, knowes &c.
That names of fooles as soone as wise, &c.
If from such grateless Ground there springs do growe,
Art thou my guide, and yet dost me direct
To labyrinthes of loue, where we are lost?
Dost thou (most wise) cause this most fond choice,
Or crost'st me, sith thee I oft haue crost?
Ah Reason wilt thou now to Passion runne,
That wast the Prince, &c.
Shal thy Slaue (fraile Affection) thee &c.
And mad to make me, wilt thou straine thy wit,
VVilt thou instruct mee to please the sense,
That none but sensuall men shall like my Lines?
And misinforme the best in sweetest,
That paies beliefe to thee, and thine &c.

O *Reaſon* weigh thy ſelfe in thine owne Scales,
Ponder thy power which is as good, as ſtrong:
Be thou thy ſelfe, though thou art wrongd by Fools,
And right that wrong with Iuſtice, not with wrong:
I ſee thou hearſt me, for thou teacheſt me,
To teach thee what we both ſhould learne and doe:
Thou prompſt me now, wherein I erd through thee;
And bidſt me thoſe light Lines againe vndoe;
And tye them to the laſting Lord of loue,
VVith ſuch a knot as nere ſhall be vndone:
Thoſe Lynes will draw, and hold, and ſtay, and mooue.
Sith they are by the hand of *Vertue* ſpunne,
Then *Reaſon* I acquite thee from diſgrace,
Sith thus thou prompſt me what I ought to write:
Lett *Tyrant* ſhame with bloud ſtil fil my face,
For ſo abuſing thy right ruling might.
My frinds (though fraile as I am) pres me ſtil
To preſſe theſe lines (more fraile) to publike view:
If I ſhould ſaie it is againſte my will
I ſhoulde ſpeake truly, and yet moſt vntrue:
For my wills fixt my faſt friends ſtil to pleaſe:
But yet ſtill wauers thus, to publiſh theſe,
Yet ſith, in wauering wiſe, thus fixt, it ſtands
Fames wind, *Wits* weather-cocke, my will, commands.

O Reader weigh thy faults in thine own scales,
Pond'er thy power which is ag[ainst] reason,
Rash'er thy fele, though it thee entised,
As herbe true wrong with Justice not will,
I see about and me, for thou teachest me,
To teach the wise we both should learne and doe:
Thou prompt'st me now, wherein I erd thou dost chide;
And bidd'st me bold like Lyon against wrong,
And spur thy steede the lustily I bend do it,
With such a knotty mace shall be wrought:
Thole Lynes will draw, and hold, and slay, and moane.
Sith they are by the hand of Reason driven,
Then Reason I acquite thee from offence,
Sith thou dost prompt me what I ought to write:
Let Tyrus flame with blood fill my face,
For so abusing thy right ruling might.
My minde (though frale as I am) pres me fil
To prese thele lines (more frale) to publike views:
If I should fale it is against my will
I shoulde speake truly, and yet most vntrue:
For my wills fixe my fals friende fil to please:
But yet fill wauers thus, to publish thele,
Yet fith in wauering wise, thus fixe it stands
Fauor wind, Fit weather cocke, my will, commands.

(1)

ORE those faire Alpes, thy Breasts, (that naked lie
Towards the blushing heau'n of thy bright face)
When as I trauell with my wandring Eye
The Snowes twixt Them, and *That*, do let her pace:
For, passing through the Valley of thy Neck
Mine Eie there sticks, as drowned in those snowes,
Yet, thy kind heate the same doth countercheck:
So, to thy Chins faire Cliffe, on Milk, she flowes!
Where, being come, she breathes, and looketh back,
Dazled to see those passed-*Beauties Deepes!*
So, there she rests, as on the rock of Wrack:
With sense whereof twixt Feare, and *Hope* she weepes:
And, dares not higher looke, sith thine Eyes Beames
Draw clouds thereto, and turne those clouds to Streames.

(2)

VVEearie of Rest, thus resting in the Clift
Of this faire Cliffe (thine Alablaster chinne,)
She now begins hir selfe aloft to lift,
But ends hir course, soone as shee doth beginne:
For, hauing scal'd, the neighb'ring hill, thy Lipp,
There soundly sleepes she, drunke with Cherry-wine;
From it (being moist, and slippie) she doth slipp,
To thy faire Teeth, which whitest white refine,
From whence (awakt by thy words siluer sound)
She steales through the sweete Rose-banks of thy face;
Where shee is caught, and at their pleasure bound,
Til thine Eye-beames the Bond breake through their grace:
To which cleare Sunnes (thus drawne,) therein she spies
Loues heau'n and still there, drownd in bliss, she lies!

(3)

Yet, by that accidentall ſtrong-fall
Of one Haires glitt'ring Sunne-beame, on thine Eyes,
Mine Eye lookt ouer that Heau'ns Chriſtall wall
To ſee from whence that bright Beame ſhould ariſe:
And, as ſhee lookt beyond the milky Waie
That leads to loues high Court, ſhe might diſcrie
Ten thowzand Sunne-beames, rang'd in faire array,
With Loue, and Wonder to ſurprize the Eye:
To which, being drawne by thoſe pure Threddes of Gold,
Shee, (as the Flie is by the Spider wrapt)
Stirring to go, the more They hir infold;
So, there ſhe reſtes, with *Loue*, and *Wonder* rapt:
Where, being blinded with thoſe radiant *Rayes*,
I could not ſee the Reſt, the reſt no praiſe.

(4)

GRace of that *Goodneſſe* which is ſelfe doth grace:
Vertue rare beauty, in thick Darkneſſe bright;
Life of thoſe *Lines* that meate the louelieſt Face:
And perfect *Period* of true *Louers* delight;
The Tearmes that bound thy vnualuable *price*
Are Words of Wonder, wondring at thy *Worth*!
Archtype of of *Beauty*! *Antitype* of *Vice*!
LOVES Holy-Land, that brings His *Manna* forth!
Whoſe *Mouth* breathes foorth ſuch Vapor, in ſuche *Cloudes*,
As ſtraite diſſolues to *Nectar* fluentlie!
Whoſe *Breſt* the *Treaſure* of hidd Wiſdome ſhrouds:
Which makes Thee moſt reſemble the *moſt Hie*!
Then, high'ſt Loue bounding to the *Light* of all
In the rebound, on Thee, his *Face* muſt fall!

(5)

DRead (*Maiestie*) that shin'st through *Beauties Skies*
Regard me, cold *Glasse*, burning with thy *Beames*;
Which lighting on the *Christall* of mine Eyes,
Do burne my Hart, through Them, with *Hearts* extreames!
To whose amazing *Light* when I drawe neere
I freeze, with *Feare*, and flame in *Loues* desire:
Then, lett thy *Fauours* glaunces thawe this *Feare*:
And, quench, with deerest Dropps of *Grace*, this *fire*.
Yet in these sacred *Flames* Ile sacrifize
The harte of my poore *Hearte*, to grace thy pow'r:
So thou, with Loue, wilt grace that exercize,
And, giue me hart, when *flames* my *Hart* deuoure:
I gaue thee *mine*, when giue *thine* to me
That *Mine*, and *Thine*, bee *One* twixt *Mee*, and *Thee*!

(6)

EV'n as the *Persians* aunciently were vs'd
With reuerence to salute the rising *Sunne*,
And as his *Beames* were more in t'them infus'd
The more Deuotion did their *Soules* orerunne:
So, when Thou riest in *Loues Hemispheare*
Desire saluts Thee with a mild aspect:
But, to His *Zenith*, when Thou drawest neere,
Thou Him enragest with *Beames* more direct!
I do desire Thou should'st looke right on me,
Although those Lookes doo but enrage *Desire*:
Yet if that *rage* may rest it selfe in Thee,
Let all thy *Beames* set all myne *All* on fire:
Where, if I burne to Sinders, yet I shall
Burne in thy loue, more deere then all that *All*.

(7)

VVIthin thine eyes (the Mirrors of my minde)
Mine eies behold themselues, wherein they see
(As through a Glasse) what in my Soule I find;
And so my Soules right shape I see in thee.
This makes me loue thee, (for our like we loue)
Which makes me loue in thine Eies still to prie;
Because I see, in Thine, how mine do mooue,
And, mine do mooue (as thine doe) louingly.
Then, looke in mine, and thou shalt see thine Eyes
Attest, for thee, what mine for me protest:
Then, let thie tongue no longer subtilize,
But, saie thou lou'st me (as I loue thee) best:
For, if we see the Hart-Roote in the eyne
Thy dies are false or It is truly mine.

(8)

SOme say they wonder how so well I write,
(Although my lines to no greate wonders stretch)
Sith Art, my skill of Theft cannot indite,
Yet, I endite with skill aboue my reache!
Loue learnes me Art, which *Art* inspires my Muse:
For *Grammer*, *Logicke*, *Retorick* and the rest:
(*Musicke* especially) Loues arte doth vse:
For, loue, vntun'd, in Tune, is best expresst.
Loue, most diuine, makes men do miracles:
And, most humane loue, Woonders doth produce:
But, *Beauties* loue, in vertues Spectacles,
Makes men do woonders most miraculous!
Then, they a woonder do not vnderstand
That woonder, sith an *Angel* guides my hand,

(9)

VVHen first I learnd the *A,B,C* of loue,
I was ynapt to learne: and sith, a Crosse
Croſt my way to them, I was loth to proone
That learning that might tend but to my losse,
The Vowels (Looks) that speld mute Consonants
I hardly could distinguish what they were;
And, sith the rest to them were Dissonantes
To make them ioyne with Vowels, cost me deere!
The Mutes, and Consonants, being Deedes, and Words,
Were harsh without sweet vowels, (sweetest Looks)
My youth was spent (for age such skill affoords)
Ere them I knew with, and without, my bookes:
But (Teares) the Liquides, still being in my Eyes,
I saw, through them at last, Loues misteries.

(10) (11)

THe Partes of all Loues speeche, are eighty eight,
(A fatall number, hath ere fatall speeche)
And, long it is ere we men learne the sleight,
But Women straine do learne, and we men reache.
If eight, to eighty eight be multiplide,
Loues language doth more Members then Nownes embrace:
Then, full of *Aduerbes* is the sute beside,
Of *Swearing*, *Flouting*, *Choosing*, *Time*, and *Place*.
Why eighty eight Parts iust no more, nor lesse?
This speeche is figuratiue, *it serues for more*.
For, all the parts, Speeche neuer can expresse,
Sith euer they increase in strength, and Store.
Then, if Time rise his armes about his bounds,
Loues speech will Towre, til Error it confounds.

(11)

FOrbidden Hopes ô why were yee forbid,
Since yee direct your aime at Bliſſe of Bliſſes;
Which is moſt euident, yet moſt is hid
Apparant on hir lips hid in hir kiſſes?
Can labour of the lips deſerue ſuch meede?
Or, bodies trauell earne ſuch recompence?
That, with but ſcarce a touch, each ſence doth feede
And with a touch reuiues the buried ſence?
Is Sothee made capable of ſuch high grace?
And yet forbid to hope the ſame to haue?
Is Heauen moſt rich, that is but ſcarce?
Yet muſt not Senſe beare hope leſt it ſhould craue?
Ah what is this, but ſenſe to Senſe to glue
To make it ſeele in death, what life is liue?

(12) (10)

FOrbidden hopes (the more you ſeeme to bring
Yet Care that kils all thoughts of cheriſhing)
I am no more my ſelfe the while you woo
And, long it is ere you be mine
But Women feare to win, the while they woo
If eighs, to eighs, and mine to mine
If you part from me, part my ſelfe I flye
Loues language doth conſiſt in ſuch deuice
Stay, or part from me, dead I cannot chuſe
With, or without your helpe, I needs muſt dy.
I needs muſt dy, for life inſpiring youth
And dy, if dy you do, by whom I liue
I do decay when I do yee reneew
I grieue with you, but ſmart without you giue
O then what choiſe remaines to wretched me
But to be nought, or not at all to Be.

(13)

FOrbidden-Hopes, the Heauen of my Hell,
O ceasse your Heauenly-Hellish Ragings here,
My Hart (the Hellish Heau'n wherein you dwell)
You rule at once with Ioy, and Dtryment!
Sith Contradictions ye do then maintaine,
And that they Reas'n resist that suche defend,
Then ô part not my single Hart in swayne,
To make it double, for this double end,
The ioyes you yeeld, are forg'd but by *Conceites*,
The griefes you giue haue euer reall byn:
Your pleasures are accomplisht by *Deceits*,
Which, with their ending, endlesse Woes begin:
Sith endlesse Woes your ending pleasures glue,
Dy, dy (damn'd *Hopes*) and let me die to liue.

(14)

FOrbidden-Hopes, why flumer yee in *Aire*,
Aboue the Compasse of your *Spheare* assign'd?
More Fitt (how ere vnfitt) were deepe dispaire,
Then *Hopes forbidden* to the mounting *Minde*.
Forbidden-Hopes why gaze yee on the *Sunne*,
(Like Bastard *Eglets*) that quite blinds your Eyes?
For *Iustice* Sonne such *Hopes* hath oft orerune,
And molt those *Hopes forbidden* in their rise.
Forbidden-Hopes, whie do yee impe your Winges
With Feathers culled from the Birdes of *Loue*?
Sith *Doues* are harmeleſſe without Gall, or Stinges:
But both at once yee make your Subiect proue:
Then, ô from whence haue such strange *Hopes* their being,
That see by blindneſſe, and are blinde by seeing!

(15)

IF those translucent Lamps thine heau'nly eyes
Shall stretche their beames of comfort to my p'ation
I still will gaze on thy Cheekes (beauties Skyes)
With, eyes of Wonder, Loue, and Adoration!
For, if the Gods their Heau'ns haue made in Starrs
Thine Eyes, bright Starres, containe right Deities,
Who are the Presidents of Peace, or warrs,
And either cause, as either fall, or rise.
Then may I (with no Godlesse Nations) take
Those Starrs for Deities, and them adore,
They hauing pow'r of Peace, or Warre to make
To make my peace, (in warr hath made me poore)
For, loues hott warrs Lifes Store haue waited quite
Then grace the Foile, thus sould to grace thy might.

(16)

WHen well I weigh thy Passions, and thy Forme,
(Both being of Celestiall temp'rature,
Which no Change can endamage, or deforme)
My loue becomes, like Them, as firme, as pure.
Thy Soule vpon so sweet an Organ plaies
As makes the Parts, the plaies, as sound, as sweete;
Which sounds the heau'nly Setters, and thy praise;
The Close wherof with groundlesse blisse doth meete.
This makes desire, in me, (vnlike Desire)
Like Christall, cold, and cleare, through bear, and colder.
This makes me flame, like Sol, with heau'nly fire
Which fructifies mine Earth, as vertue would:
Then, what I am, at best, I am of Thee,
Vertues best Instrument to ratifie thee.

(17)

THy nere too much prizd Person (deerest *Deer*)
The, past most precious, sacred Temple is,
Wherein pure Chastity, and *Beauty* cleere,
Espoused are to Loue, and Louers blisse:
Thy mildnesse makes *Pride* proue, and *Meeknesse* rich:
Thy looks raise Hope, yet stridly keep it downe
Within the compasse of a modest pitch:
Wherein thy highest *grace*, with grace, is shownc.
Thou art a Pearle which nothing can relieue
But *Viniger* made of *Dewitish* Teares:
If it be counterfet, or euill beat,
For it thou hast, nor Hart, nor Eyes, nor Eares:
But, Hart, and Eyes, and Eares thou hast for myne,
Whose Hart, and Eyes and Eares, are ruld by Thine.

(18)

To touch on *Sylla*, yet to scape the fame,
And yet be drowned in the Hauens mouth,
Is of all griefes the greatest, and greatest blame
To *Fortune*, or *Discretion*, *Paines*, or *Slouth*.
But I, that scapt the Gulphe and Rock of Wrack,
(Which in the Ocean of my boundlesse loue
I found to draw me on, and put me back)
Am like, in my Hopes Hauen, the like to proue;
For when I hopt I had Thee as myne owne
(O too too credulous!) am like to those
That loue, by which for mine, thou long wast knowne,
Through winds of misreport, which *Enuie* blows:
But, if these bitter blasts thee from me beare,
My *Hopes* sinke, causelesse, where there was no feare.

(19)

THe Stoicks, in their strange Philosophie,
Make *All*, and *Nothing*, nothing but all one:
VVho say that this World *Is*, but yet deny
That it hath any Essence of the same:
But, in our loues (deere Loue) the same is true:
For, Thou, being *All*, art nothing else but Nothing
I Nothing am that is not *All* thy due;
So, *All* and *Nothing's* nothing but the same:
Then, sith my *Nothing* merits thee *All* due,
Thou, All, I, *Nothing*, make but Vnity:
For, *All* to *Nothing* hath no coherence,
And, *Nothing*, to *All*, by sympathie.
Then, meete (*Nothing* & *All*) nothing else
VVhole Harmonie (*All* and *Nothing*) tells.

(20) (18)

TO touch or taste, VVho cannot loue without it,
Or els to Passions that will disappoint
Is of all griefes the greatest:
To Reason, or to Eyes, that see not right,
Or most weake Braines, that strong wine cannot beare,
But, in high Loue (whose Soule is Temperance)
Ther's no distemperature of Flesh or Spirit:
The Mouth of true Loue sucks out Pleasures Breasts,
VVhich it augments with pure (not grosse) delights,
Hence flow all Nectred Sweets into the Soule,
That Heau'n, or Earth, (in highest height) can yeeld:
As sweet and faire, as Lust is foule and fowle,
And doth (at pleasure) Pleasures Passions wield:
But, he that is in passions in desires
(As Clogd with flesh) cannot this Heaven aspire.

(21)

O That I could (as willingly I would
By breathing on thy lips my Soule infuse
Into thy beauteous Body, then, it should
Make Thee (as still it doth) on It still muse!
For muse I do, and nought but muse alone,
Because it makes my Muse to make my Loue
Vnto such only Beauty only knowne
(By waight and measure) so, thy Soule to moue:
Moue Soule (sweet Soule!) Soule of my sweetest Sweet!)
VVith equall motion moue, as moues my Soule:
Which moues to Thine, then let Thine with It meet
It to embrace, in loue, nor I controule:
But yet if so thou mou'st, thou shalt (Deere Sweete)
Controule it still when It moues ought vnmeet.

(22)

SO looks an Angell on Heauns Christall Wall
As looks my Saint, or Angell, in her Glasse:
Each see in each, they are Celestiall,
Hir flesh then, being Heauenly, is not Grasse:
Grasse no: ô no, though Grasse doth glad the Eie
With Ey-delighting Greennesse, its too darke
To be like her diuine Serenity.
That, of highst GLORY is a flaming Spark!
Which sets the World on fire, and al therein,
Like *Phaetons* Pride (the Proude should know that Story)
No Eye sees it but would lose sight to win
That Light, by which Eyes see, Sight dimd with glory:
O might mine Eies be dimd full, with that Light
I would be nought but Eies, yet blinded quite!

Stirst

(23)

STir'st thou me vp to loue? yet me restrain'st
From that thy stronge *perfections* stirre me to?
Frown'st thou in ernest? or els frowning fain'st,
Sith thee, in ernest, ernestly I woo?
If thou can'st be thine owne true *Antitype*,
(That's most deform'd, sith most well form'd Thou art!)
If thou can'st rotten be, now, thou art ripe,
Then, can I ceasse to sue, but not to smart:
For, smart I should no lesse for thy disgrace
Then I do smart for loue of (gracefull) Thee:
Then, let me loue thee, in thy better case,
That in thy worst, so much should greeued be:
But, if thou wilt not haue me woo, nor loue,
Then, either ceasse to *Bee*, or ceasse to moue.

(24)

SO, art thou (*Cruell!*) like a *Ballance*-Scale
For, when I sinck with *Bale*, thou mount'st with *Blisse*:
And when I rise with *Blisse*, thou sink'st with *Bale*:
So, stil thou art myne *Opposite* by This.
And whie all this? (o froward *Faire!*) o whie
In myne annoy dost thou so much delight?
Can I not liue, but thou fourthwith must die?
Or doth my death giue thy life, life, and sprights?
Ther's no *necessity* herein at all,
Vnlesse Thou be the same: Who, (*Parchas*-like)
Dost neuer rise, but by anothers fall:
That is, their Threede of life quite off to strike:
For while I waighe them wounded by thy Beames
Their *number*, rising, falls into *Extremes*!

Loue

(25)

LOue, like a Center, in a *Circle* standes
As neere to *Beggars* as Hee doth to *Kings*:
And like a *Kinge* them both, alike, Commands,
As Hee commands, likewise all other Things!
What *Hart* is of such st'eely temprament
(Or much more hard:) for, *Steele* the *Magnes* loues)
But gently bowes, when it by *Love* is bent:
Onely thy Heart (hard *Heart*!) Hee nothing moues!
Nature nere made what hath no grace in it;
Then, thee she made not, that art so vnkinde:
So, thou art *nothing*, sith all *Beeings* fitt
The *Endes*, to which, as *Meanes*, they were assign'd:
Women, are *Meanes* that *Men Bee*, bee not then
As *Nothing*, but with *Something*, bring some *Men*.

(26)

THe sweetnesse (*Sweete*) which in thy loue *I* feele,
Sweetens the sorrow which, through it, I tast:
It mee vpholds, as It doth make me reele;
And, doth enlarge my Heart, which It doth wast.
LOVE, though Thou kill me, yet, I must confesse,
Thou hast disburs'd my Loue where it is due:
And though it boundlesse be, yet is it lesse
Then to my *Loues worth* doth, of right, accrue!
And though thou bee a *Spectacle*, through which
Each *grace* seemes greater then, in deede, it is:
Yet, setled *Iudgment* mounts hir *prices* Pitch:
For, *Heaven* and *Earth* do offer faire for This!
Then, sith Thou art more Faire then Eyes can see,
Ile offer Thee as faire (my *Soule*) for Thee,

(26)

BY *Nature*, when wee are most cold without
(As in the Winter) wee are hott'st within:
And, hott'st without, when coldst the Hart about:
Thus, *in*, and *out* this *Heate*, and *cold* do ryn:
The truth hereof *I* know, too well, you know
To question it: Then, why do you suppose
My Loue is cold within, 'cause so in show,
When that *Shew* showes you how within it glowes:
Wilt thou distrust *Affections* Miracle
(I per se I) so rauisht with thy Loue:
As now I am *Loues Forrest* Spectacle;
Which Cold, and Heate (yet cleere in both) do proue?
Then, o looke through my cold-cleere Eyes and see
My Hart, still sacrific'd in flames to Thee.

(27)

LEt not (deere *Sweete*) the wheeling of the *Spheares*
(That spight thy Christaline translucencie)
Winde vp thy lifes Threed on the *Spoole* of Yeares
Ere thou dost as thy Mother did for Thee:
Least that thy *Glasse* thy *beauie* doo accuse
Before the soueraign'st *Sence*, for being doflowr'd
By *Time*; which Thee, as thou did'st Him, abuse:
Which by thy *Beautie* will be ill endur'd.
Why mak'st an Idoll of *Diuinitie*
(Thy *Beautie*!) and with *It* the Pagan play,
By off'ring vp thy selfe, to *It*, and dy
In Flames, but of *Selfe-loue*, condempn'd eache waie:
Then, better thou hadst nere bin borne, sith birth
Thy diuine *Beauty* so condempnes to *Earth*.

(28)

IF (as the Pithagoreans do beleeue)
The Sea be nought but one of *Saturnes* Teares
Its not vnlike ſith ſtill I, weeping grieue
That myne Eyes, Seas ſhould ſhed, in many years.
This is the ſeaunth Sunne hath ſeen my loue
As firm, as flaming towards thy Beauties Heaun,
Yet ouerthwartly that Heauns Sunnes do moue
Through euil Sightes that to no *grace* are giun,
Nere did they ſhine on me but to exhale
A Sea of Teares from my ſtil-ſpringing Eyes
Or els to parche my Bloud, and make me pale:
So, fall my Teares, that ſtill do falling riſe:
And, if thoſe Sunnes thou Cloude ſtill with diſdaine,
Myne eyes ſhall end the World with endleſſe Raine!

(29)

SOme ſay the Weezel-maſculine doth gender
With the Shee-Weezel only at the Eare
And ſhe her Burden at hir Mouth doth render;
The like (ſweet Loue) doth in our loue appeare:
For I (as Maſculine) beget in Thee
Loue, at the Eare, which thou bearſt at the Mouth
And though It came from Hart, and Reynes of me
From the Teeth outward *It* in thee hath growth.
My Mouth, thine Eares, doth euer chaſtly vſe
With putting in hot Seed of actiue Loue;
Which, ſtreight thine Ear conueyeth (like a Sluce)
Into thy Mouth; and, there but Aire doth proue:
Yet Aire is actiue; but, not like the fire
Then ô how ſhould the Sonne be like the Sire?

(30)

IF *Fire* hath oft *Barbarian* Honors done it
By reason it resembles so the *Sunne*
Yet scarse is seene when his *Raies* ouer-runne it)
What would *Barbarians* to thine *Haire* haue donne?
Which (ô faire *Sweete*!) oreshines *Fire*, *Sunne*, and all;
Whose rare resplendance no Eyes can behold
That are not (like it) most *Angellicall*,
And being so, will them, in wonder hold.
Then sith that *Nature* Crown'd Thee with such *Light*
As makes all Eyes, adoreing, wonder at,
Bee not, ô bee not then, in loue, so light
As makes thee darke by being This, to That:
My speach is darke; yet what by light I meane
Is more vnconstant, then it is vncleane.

(31)

IT is as true, as strange (els *Triall* faines)
That whosoeuer in the *Moone-shine* sleepes
Are hardly wak't, the *Moone* so rules the *Braines*,
For Shee is *Soueraigne* of the *Braines*, and *Deepes*:
So thou (faire *Cynthia*) with thy borrowed *Beames*,
(*Borrow'd* of *Glories Sunne*, great Lord of *Light*!)
Makst me still sleepe, in *Loue*, Whose golden Dreames
Giue *Loue* right Currant, sith well-Coyn'd Delight.
I cannot wake, while thou, on me, dost shine,
Thy shyning so, makes mee so sweetly Dreame:
For, still me thinks I kisse those lippes of thine:
And,---nothing els, for, I will not blaspheame:
But thought is free, and Dreames are Dreames and so
I dreame, and dreame, and dreame, but let That go.

(32)

Lvſt is a Tyrant, *Loue* a Seruant Is:
This is the *Sentence* of *Proofes* euidence:
For, I nere ſee you (*Sweete* !) but feele by This
Both *Cold* and *Heate*, through *Loue*, and *reuerence*,
VVhat Eye can look, through cleere *Loues* Spectacle,
On *Vertues Maieſtie*, that ſhines in *Beauty*,
But (as to *Natures* diuin'ſt *Miracle*!)
Performes not to It all ſubiectiue dutie?
BEAVTIES *Diuinitie* none dare prophane
That are of *Humane*, or of *Brutiſh* Kinde
But when *Its* full, where *Vertue's* in the wane:
VVhere a faire *Body* hids a filthie *Minde*?
But were thy *Mind* and *Bodies beauty* one,
Twere *Natures Maieſties* diuineſt *Throne*!

(33)

YNough (fell *Faire*!) for, thou haſt donne the Deede
That thou haſt longe bin doing, which doth make
Thy mercy leſſe, for that, to kill with ſpeede
Shewes more remorce then they that leaſure take.
How? and how longe haſt thou bin mart'ring mee
To make my Deathe beyond my death to ſtand?
Who haue bin ſo *Anatomiz'd* by *Thee*
That eu'ry *Nerue* hath felt thy Rigors hand!
Out of my *Hart*, and *Braines* that Hand hath ſquiz'd
The *Spirits* that either *Life*, or *Sence* maintaine:
For, *I* am all as dead, as vnaduiz'd:
Only, for Thee, I *Life*, in ſhow, retaine:
And if thou wilt haue That, ſith That's for Thee
Then take Thou *All*, and leaue the reſt for mee.

(34)

O *Memorie* (the Relicke of my *Sence*)
Whie yet remainſt, to make me yet remaine
A Relike of my *Fancies* fowle offence,
That lov'd for hate, and woo'd, but for diſdaine:
Carowſe of *Lethe*, make thie Cuppe my *Scull*,
Vntill thou bee dead-drunke; then, like the Bleſt,
I ſhall bee full of *reſt*, as thou art full
Of that forgetfulnes which myndes but *reſt*.
And thou relentleſſe *Diamond*, too deere,
(Too deere for *mee*, that offer'd *mee*, for *thee*,)
Shal, to the World, in woorth the leſſe appeare
Sith thou prouſt nothing woorth, wronged-mee:
Then, ſith thou art nought woorth, but in th' *Exchange*,
I will not *mee*, for *thee*, now, interchange.

(35)

NOw plaie my *Mind* vpon his *Inſtrument*,
(Thought-waſted *Body*, Organ of my *Minde*)
No *Parts* but ſuch as wholy diſcontent;
My *Parts* are ſo vntun'd, by Thee, *Vnkinde*!
My *Longues* (the *Bellowes*) draw in no ught but *Aire*,
That *filles* my Wind-pipes but with harſhe *Complaints*,
Tending to *Diapaſſons* of *Deſpaire*,
Which often die, for, that Winde often faints.
My *Hart*, and *Braines* (the *Stoppes*, that cauſe the Moode):
Do often ſtopp: ſith o't ſuch *Moodes* they cauſe
As by the *Pangs* of *Death* are oft with-ſtood,
Through which the *Organs* Voice doth, ſinking, pauſe:
But if thou (*SWEET*) will haue't ſweetly riſe
Then, breathe ſweet Aire into it as it dies.

(36)

IN the'*Abſtract Nature* is immutable;
But, in the *Subiect* it doth varie ſtill:
My Loue, each way, is to It ſutable;
In th'*Abſtract* firme, the *Subiect* varie will.
Whie wilt thou varie (*Subiect* of my Loue,
More ſweete then *Sweetneſſe*!) whie wilt alter *Sweete*?
Is it becauſe thou wilt a Tyrant proue?
Or ſcornſt *Subiection*? or, thy *Match* to meete?
If ſo it bee (ô fayreſt *Faire*!) then, know
I am thy *Subiect*, though thou ſubiect bee
To my high Loue, that makes me ſubiect ſo:
Then, thy Subiection giues thee Sou'raigntie:
Sith ſo it is: then, firme to me remaine,
Whoſe Loue doth make thee Subiect ſo, to Raign!

(37)

IF two *Sunnes* ſhould, at once, adorne the Skies
All, in Combuſtion, would bee ſoone beneath:
Then, tis no wonder though thy Sunne-bright Eyes
(O moſt faire-*Faire*!) make all to burne that breath!
For, in thy *Faces* midd-heau'n ſo they ſhine
As comforts *Nature* in her workes of grace:
Yet makes it flame, with furie (oft) Diuine,
While it as Heau'nly doth adorne thy Face:
Then, ſith I am great Mother *Natures* Sonne,
Let thine Eyes comfort mee, with grace, to moue,
(As if I were all flaming, in the *Sunne*)
Vnto the endleſſe Orbe of thy bright loue:
Wherein, if quite thou melt me, I ſhalbe
That which I wiſhe: that is, A *parte of Thee*.

(38)

As great paines are not durable, at moſt:
So, long Griefes are ſupportable, at leaſt:
For, nought is violent but ends in poſt:
And that which dureth Nature may digeſt.
This is moſt true, els lies Philoſophy;
And *I* would ſay ſhe lyes, in mine owne proofe,
Were ſhe not Hand-maide to Diuinity:
Which makes the Ly to keep the more aloofe.
But ah, the ſmart I haue endurd through loue
Hath (like that Loue) bin long, and extreame great
And all for thee (too Sweet) which ſowre I proue,
Which woundſt me while thou doſt me well intreate:
If *Ioab* ô had plaid that part alone
Thou ſhouldſt in Deed and Show, haue bin mine owne.

(39)

WHen I aſſaie to blaze my louely Love
And to expreſſe Hir al in Colors quaint
I rob *Earth*, *Sea*, *Aire*, *Fire*, and all aboue
Of their beſt Parts, but her worſt parts to paint:
Straidneſſe from Earth, from Sea the cleereſt part,
From Aire her ſubtilty, from Fire her light
From *S*onne, *M*oone, Stars the glory they impart
So, rob and wrong I *All* to do her right.
But if the beauty of her Mind I touch
(Sith That before toucht, touch but parts externe)
I-ranſack Heaun a thouſand times as much
Sith in that mind we may that Mind diſcerne
Thats all in *All* that are or faire, or good;
And ſo ſhees moſt diuine in Fleſh, and bloud.

Now

(40)

NOw Taper-pointed Night began to pierce
The bending forehead of our Horizon,
When as *I* tooke my Pen in blackeſt verſe,
To ſhadow foorth my blacker Paſſion.
I told thee then, in Words as dark as Hell,
The Torments (*Sweet*) I for thy Loue abide;
And gaue thee light to ſee their *Subſtance* well
By Lynes that were al flame thy' *Sence* to guide.
Yet canſt thou not or rather wilt not ſee
The White whereat, in this dark-light I driue:
Then know (deer *Sweet*) directly it is thee:
Lo, knowſt thou now? no no thou ſtil wilt ſtriue
Againſt thy knowledge not to know the ſame,
Yet know thy Faſhion puts me out of Frame.

(41)

THere was a Time when the moſt ſacred *Saint*
That euer wedded was his Wife did woo,
And with loue-paſſions did hir Eares acquaint,
To moue hir mind to Loue and mariage too:
When he would not haue thought it mortal ſin,
(If ſo he could) to haue lynd out his loue
In mouing meaſures ſo her loue to win:
For, all that meaſure well of force muſt moue.
He did, or would haue told her his deſires
(And meaſurd them in Numbers) were alone
Thoſe, Edens out-caſts left vnto their Heirs,
By marriage Rights for Generation:
Then ſith that Church, and Common weale encreaſe:
By This, ſhould *Lynes* that lead to this, ſurceaſe:

If

(42)

IF Speech, the nobleſt action of the wil,
Be turnd to Silence (Loues beſt ſpeech) in me,
If wit be quickned, or made good, of ill
By that good will which I do beare to thee:
Then what auailes good Wit if it be mute
More then good will, that want good words to ſhow it:
Suters ſpeed not, that cannot ſhew their ſute:
So, ſue I to Thee but thou wilt not know it.
Yet Dumb-men do, and may, wed lawfully;
But, wed they do not without firſt they woo:
Then, let me (dumb through Loue, that ſpeaks therby)
Do as, by Lawes of Heaun and Earth they do:
They woo, then Wine, I woo, then let me Wed;
For, Words in Deede, beſt fit the mariage bed.

(43)

MY Mind to me a mighty Kingdom is;
Which I poſſeſſe, but not enioy in peace;
For if I did, I were a King of This,
But Loue, my right, doth force me to releaſe,
If thou (great Loue) vſurpe anothers Right
Thou art a Tyrant; and thou muſt reſolue
By fight to keep, what Thou haſt got by fight;
If ſo of force, Thou muſt thy force diſſolue:
For with Thy force thou canſt not winne from me
My Mind, vnleſſe Her force Thou quite defeate;
VVhich, if Thou do, it is the worſe for thee:
For, thou defeateſt That, that makes thee Great:
Then, ô be not too ſell, but let that Shee
For, and by whom I liue, raign there with Thee.

Cannot

(40)

CAnnot thas fire that burnes me learn thy Hart?
Art thou turnd salamander in deede
To liue in my Harts flames and feelest fire?
But rather takst thou pleasure in my smart?
My hart is little, and the flames are great
Its lit'e made by thy great cruelty:
The Fuel spent (as now the same is ny)
The fier needs must lose both heat and light,
My Hart (the fuel) is not Adamant,
That can indure the fury of this flame:
But it is Flesh, and soon melts in the same,
Wherof I wot, thou art not ignorant.
Then if thy knowledge will not help my Hart,
I will condemn thy Will, and curse thyne Art.

(41)

SOme say they loue, because their Loues are faire,
And other some, sith they are wise and kind:
The first, loue but the hue of Flesh, or Haire:
But the last, loue the beauty of the Mind,
But, my loue kindled is at both those fires:
For, Wit and Beauty in my Loue doth flame
Without al noisom smoake of dark Desires:
So bright she is in Beauty, Wit, and Fame.
If all these do concur to cause my Loue,
That Loue, so caus'd, should bring forth rare effects:
And so it doth, for me it so doth moue
As I do rest in restlesse rare Affects.
Then, sith (deer Sweet) thy Graces and my Loue
Are like, alike, let our Affections moue.

(46)

THey write, and speak well, that can well expresse,
(In either kind) what Fancy doth suggest:
But I the more I fancy, speake the lesse,
So, in my Hart, my harmlesse Tongue doth rest.
But, ô deer Hart, sith thou art bond of life,
On paine of death, command thy Pen to make
Ynk of thy bloud, to Chronicle the strife
Which thou endurest for thy true loues sake.
And, thou my Fancy, so thy selfe beseene
(Who stir'st about the Center of my Loue)
That future Times, in loue, may pity thee,
Sith graces such, vnpittied should proue:
And, make my Pen (in lasting Characters) paint
The Picture of my loue, and fellow saint.

(47)

THe fatall beames thou darteth from thine Eyes
(Like *Basiliks*) worken me in effect:
Yet from them doth my remedy arise
By glassing mine, in thine, them to reflect.
For, in mine Eyes, should'st thou thy selfe but see
Thy *Beames* would make thee in self-loue to burne:
Then, harm me not, and I will not harme thee.
Els on thy selfe thy Beauties Beames ile turne.
Thinke not because thy Hart is Adamant
That thy bright Raies will but thereon rebound
No, to thy selfe thei'l make thee mercy grant,
And loue that grace that hurts & heals the wound:
Then let thine Eye-beames grace infuse in mine
Or, for thy plague, ile giue mine in Thine.

(48)

PArdon me Loue, seeing what for Thee I do
(Although it breake thy Precepts (oft too strict)
Is to attaine where to attaine vnto
Thou shouldst no Course, how ere crosse, contradict:
For, shee I loue is too too like a *Saint*,
But that shee's most vnlike, in his disdaine,
Who loues but loues to cause my iust complaint,
As if her pride tooke pleasure in my paine:
Then though my prostrate old Deuotion
I do forbeare, forbeare to blame my Course:
For some doe climb to highest promotion
By scorning, scorbe, and offering Fury force:
She's stiff, and I am strange, but yet I see
My strangenesse makes hir seem lesse strange to me.

(49)

A Time there was when Loue alone did liue
Within the Breast of *Heau'ns* eternall Light:
But since that light did light to Planets giue
Light *Venus*, in light Harts vsurpes his Right:
So, Shee's an Idol made and daily serv'd
With that Deuotion which to him belongs:
Whose Motions are much more then his observ'd
So, *He* the *Author* seems of his own wrongs:
He made hir first but to inclline the Sence:
But since, She seems much more then to constrain,
Sith Mad She makes Men with her influence,
If ought from hir, their Sences do refraine:
But why o Lightnesse, lov'st thou so this Star
Whenas the Sun of Glory's brighter far?

(52)

LOue, leaue thy Lodge (my Heart) and enter Hirs
Who plac'd thee there, that she may know what paine:
Thou hast in *pleasure*, and what *ryot* in *Hirs*
Which being done, returne to mine againe:
For, though, at once, thou glad, and grieue the same,
Thou griu'st It so, as still It would be griu'd:
So Hirs might still be melted with Her flame
And so made One, as they liue life deprid:
Or, if not so made one, the Odds should cease,
Yet Odds might light be made, by mutuall Loue:
For lo me-thinks, in Heauen, my Fortune's
So, wee should thinke We were, and liue in peace:
But if she loue not me, I am glad to see
Hart to my griefe, and griefe to my Hart.

(53)

OF Loue, which in Hir Sith hath his Empire
As is of force, to make Loue Loue
How, how (poore Man) shall I aspire
Whose Loue, and Life are so vnfortunate
My scornefull fortune, my fate so full
Who Looks on me as on, &c.
While I sigh Loue, and my Loue is sighing
As able were to make a Man of Stone
And yet such bearing shee hath to still
With vertuous Title, yet I vow
Sith Mad She is, I thought Her wise,
My fame, though yet herein I liue,
Sith, shee hates one that loues Her
That is, Hee loues his Disgrace
When as

(52)

FOrtune, and Loue (each other to disgrace)
Striue who should make mee Slaue to eithers might;
And, being blinde, fight without shifting place:
So, I am made the Barre ore whom they fight.
The Blowes of either often fall on mee;
And, much more often sith they both are blinde:
But, *Fortune* strikes me sure, as sheee could see;
And, Loue doth wound me sore, with Blowes more kinde!
Fortune, doth chippe me out, and takes away
All *outward Things*: but Loues impetuous Blowes
Nere cease to sticke till in my *Heart* they *stay*,
Thus, is my spoile the Triumphe of these Foes:
But; more I yeeld to Loue, then *Fortune* might,
Sith I can Liue, in Loue, in *Fortunes* spight.

(53)

FAuours, are so farre sweete as there remaines
Place for requitall; but, if past that Place
They grow, to great Harts, but to bee great paines:
Which lothe such Loue, and grudge at so much *grace*.
This happily (deere *Sweete*) you thinke vpon
When your deere *teares* on me dropping bee:
Wt.o make them fall with small effusion;
Lest they should cause the like effect in mee.
But, you (ô me!) do quite my Hart mistake:
For, you haue made it poore, and hardly liues:
Which louing you more, the more of It you make:
For, *Fauours* exceede happily at teares:
Then ô, wise *Loue*, my poore Hart fauour still,
Sith still it liues by *hope*, that so you will.

(54)

SHee comes, Shee comes, mount, mount my Soule
Vnto the heigth of *Admiration*!
See how the *Sunne* him ſelfe begins to ſcoule
To ſee a fairer *Sunne* the *Earth* vpon!
O glorious *Light* (which makes our *Hemiſphеare*
Like *Iupiters* Starre-Chamber with thy *Rаies*!)
How doſt thou mee confound with *Loue*, and *feare*?
What praiſe but *Wonder*, can thy *Wonders* praiſe!
Stand, ſtand a looſe, come not ſo neere mine Eyes:
For, thou wilt make them lightleſſe with thy *Light*!
O mee! my Hart, how with thy Beames, it Fryes!
What meanſt (ô *Miracle*!) to melt mee quite?
Hold, hold; no more: thy Beames from me avert,
Vnleſſe, from them, Thou hide me in thy Hart.

(55)

IF *Sunne*-Beames ſpring, by kinde, from *Heaun'ly* Ground,
If Voice, diuining *Ears*, from *Angells* comes,
If *breath* that yeelds as ſweete a *Sent*, as *Sound*
Celeſtiall bee, and *Sence*, with ioy, ore'comes:
Then, *Face*, and *Voice*, and *Breath* of my ſweet *Saint*
Are moſt Celeſtiall: and, if ſo they bee,
The *Spirit* of *Science* did this Picture paint
By *Coppy* of his owne *Diuinity*!
If ſo, ſhe is moſt mercifull, and iuſt:
Sith Hee, in both is moſt, moſt infinite;
Which makes vs feare, and yet, in Him, to truſt;
And ſo ſhee doth, in Wiſdome exquiſite:
Which oft, in *Iuſtice*, humbles daring *Men*
And then, in *Mercy*, lifts them vp agen.

If

(56)

IF *Fauour* comes by *suffring*, not by *force*,
And wilde-fire quenched bee with Milke, or Mire;
If yeelding Woll resists the Bullets course,
And gentle Oile doth quench *Lime* set on fire:
If that the higher wee desire to builde,
The lower wee our *ground-worke* ought to lay:
If all these Trueches so naturall are held
That their cleare euidence doth question staie:
Then questionlesse you are vnnaturall
(sow're *Sweet*) who though I, at your feet, am thrown
Yea, make my selfe your verie *Pedestall*,
Yet, you insult the more, and keepe me downe:
If then my lowlinesse your scorne increase
You are *Perfections* vnkinde Master-peece.

(57)

IT's easie to blaspheame the name of *Loue*,
And say its but the worke of *Idleuesse*:
The Slipps of *Fancie*, which oft morrall proue,
The Mothe of *Strength*, and strength of *Foolishnesse*:
These, and such like, or els farre woorse then these,
Might *Hate* disgorge gainst *Loues* Diuinitie:
And with such Yells *Dispaire* hir Soule might ease,
Whose sweetest ease is bitt'erst Blasphemie:
But I, that know the powre of *Loue* too well,
To well do worde him to bee vs'd so ill:
For, hee hath dam'd me to his lowest Hell
Where Hee torments my Reason, VVitt, and VVill:
But, *Reason*, *Witt*, and *Will* in humble wise
Do pray for him, and wishe he had his Eyes.

Youn

(38)

YOur Fauors filling my home Hart with Hope,
Hope raising lustfull Loue, and Loue, Desire,
Desire rests not but in Deere you, his scope
Whose flames still mount to you, his Sphears of fire,
Then, if to my desire you will giue rest,
It must be in your staid Loues purest flames:
Then, with his Element, Desire inuest
Sith his fire compound is, and hers vnfames.
Feeling mounts not to Pleasures firmament,
But through this subtill Sphear of simple fires
Nor Loue attaine the Heau'n of true content,
But by this sweet Repose of his Desire.
Then, if you loue me, as it seems you do,
Rest my Desire, and I will rest yours too.

(39)

HA! there Shee goes, that goes away with mee,
And here stand I, that haue her in my Harte
She flees from me, and yet I with her flee
For no Diuision can vs wholy part.
Faire fall thee buxome Aire that yet dost hold
The sent of her late presence, for thy grace:
Thou dost sweet Aire, but what the Heauens wold,
If they so happy were as to embrace,
Who breaths this Aire, their breath most sweet must be,
Though it, before the Aire made most vnsweet:
On It lle liue, till She returne to me,
To take the aire which from his first did fleet:
And then in Words she shall receaue the same
That shall be sweet-ned with his praise, and Name.

Per-

(60)

Parhaps I doo, though you thinke otherwise,
Loue in the tenderest Bowels of my Soule:
But what? Can I not loue, vnlesse there lies
Loue in my *Front*, while yours, in hate, doth scoule?
If no faith in the *Front* doth lie, no loue
Lies where no faith is: for, loue liues thereby:
Then, the *Front's* Arguments doo nothing proue
But showe of trueth inuolu'd in *Falacie*.
And if the *Front* saie true, and true it bee
That Womens Naies are euer double Yeas;
Then, your *Front* euer giuing Naies to mee,
Doo giue me twice as many yeas, by These:
But, in true loue, I hold that Skill vnfit,
That discontents the Will to please the Wit.

(61)

VVIl you (your Will be done) haue me loue so,
That by my Looks the same you best may see?
And wil you loue in Deed, and hate in show?
Do as you will, your wil is law to me.
Yet Show hath much deceite, but *Substance* none;
Then, most substantiall is the truest loue:
The foreheads falshood is more seen then known,
Yet known of most, that least thereof approue.
Then, sith the Front's so full of *Falacy*,
I cannot trust yours, more then you can myne:
But if you would our Harts should open lye
Change Harts with me, or let vs them combine:
Then, feelingly, our harts we so shall kno,
To This (Sowr *Sweet*) say double yea, or No.

(62)

MY Tongue, is turn'd to *Eyes*, mine *Eyes*, to *Eares*
In the dread presence of my deerest *Loue*:
Who, while shee speakes, my very *soule* heares;
Hir Tongue, and Bodie do so sprightly moue!
My Tongue, & *Eares* are deaff, & dumbe the whiles,
Orewhelm'd with Loue, and Ioy, and Hope in each;
Only my Lookes applaude hir Words with smiles,
As if they onely heard, and saw Their reache.
And sith with hir I cannot interpleade
But meerely by the meane of speaking-Lookes,
Sith Lookes alone must stand me then in steade
My Lookes shalbe Loue, and VVitts record *Bookes*,
Wherein shee still may reade what I conceane
Of her sweete words, and what replies I glue.

(63)

SAie you (deere *Sweete*) my *Lines* are labour'd lore?
My *Lines*, I know, will tell you no such thing:
Though euery *Line* doth labour more, and more,
Till they my *Griefe*, conceal'd, to light do bring.
But, for my *Lines* themselues, they labor'd are
With no more paine then *paine* in *pleasure* takes:
Sith they my *Hart* vnburden of much care,
That yet, for want of better yssue akes.
A Labour'd *Line's* too busie for my Braine,
That is well-neere distracted, with muh Thought:
Let those *Lines* labour, that by *Lines* do gaine
For, I haue labour'd *Lines*, too longe, for nought:
Sith my best labour'd *Lines* you still reward
With saying, that the this paines might well be spar'd.

While

(64)

WHile *Words* I weigh, in Scales of my Conceite,
To know their weight that merit most respect,
And, while I vse some Arte (without Deceite)
To place them where they may haue most *effect*,
I finde the weightiest Words are farre too light
To weigh the *Will* resolu'd not to be waid;
And, though their *place* make infinite their might,
Yet stirre they not a *Mind* peruersly staid:
Then, whie seeke I to mooue you by my Words?
I know not I, because I know so much:
Yet this lost labour my *Loue* you affords,
Which, if I draw not, shall your hardnesse touche:
For, were you *Steele*, the *Magnes* of my Loue
Would draw you too't; but harder you I proue.

(67)

YOur Soules rough Calmes, that neither hate, nor loue,
Your *Minde* vnmou'd with *praises*, or reproofe,
The lesse they moued are, the more they moue
My froward loue, to stand the more aloofe,
Yet looks it back, when it is well-ny gone,
Supposing I should not so giue you ou'er;
Then tries some other kinde Conclusion,
Which speeds no better then those tride before:
You hate me not, for, well you vse me still:
You loue me not, sith you feele not my paine:
This (like your mortall hate) offends my Will;
Yet, this is all the loue my Loue doth gaine:
What *Metall* are you of? Sure, flesh, and Blood
Are not so staid, that nought can moue their moode!

WHere shall I hide me from *Loues* Pow'r? O where?
If to th'*Antipodes* from him I fly
Hee Pricks his *Flights* at me, and hitts me there:
If neere at hand, his *Torche* my *Flesh* doth fry.
In *Earth*, his Shafts haue all subdu'd to *Him*;
The *Sea's* his Mothers Country, and beside
He naked is, and so can faster swymme:
And, through the *Aire*, he on his Wings doth glide:
If to the *Fire* I flie, it's to himselfe:
Then, *Heau'n*, and *Hell*, (if *Poets* fable not),
Haue felt the great force of the little Elfe:
Thus, all, in all, are subiect to his shott.
Then sith no where I can be safe from these,
Ile hide me no where: That is, in mine *ease*.

BVt This, and then my *Pen* shall make a Shade
In endlesse *Rest*: For, euen now, the same
Goes, straddling, vnderneathe a beauie loaden
For, Heauinesse his forme doth quite vntame,
Who sheddeth tahse Teares, well nie with Bryne,
To rue his owners sorrowes bitter smart
And maketh happlesse *Blotts* in my *Faire*
To *Simbolize* his *Loue* vnfortunate.
The sincking Paper makes them spreading runne,
As *Griefe* runnes spreading in his sinking Harte
Pen, Ynke, and Paper, then, are quite vndone
(As is their Master) with sad Sorrowes smarte.
And all that smart I feele through your disdaine,
Who wounds my *Heart* with loue, yet saues my Paine.

VVOrke on my Hart, sterne *Griefe*, and do thy worst:
Draw it togeather till his Strings do crack:
My *Minde* will nere be whole till they bee burste
Then, breake, breake Hart, ere broken bee my Back,
Which vndergoes a VVorld of heauie Harmes,
That well might breake It, and an *Hart* of Oke:
Then, *Griefe* extend the vigor of thine *Armes*
To crush his substance into Sighings smoke.
Hope, thou dost hurt it with thy helping Hand:
Who (*Ape-like*) kilst it with a kind embrace:
Thy Charge, wan *Hope*, yeeld to pale *Death* Commands,
That *Hee* my viriall Spirits may haue in Chase.
For, sith good Lucke proues luckelesse in my Loue,
Go hange thee *Hope*, yet stay, lest *I* it proue.

GIue mee (false *Smoke*) the *Map*, well colored,
Of that same little *World*, your selfe so soe
Whether those *Zones* of hoot *Loue*, and cold Dreade
Bee so extreame in you, as th'are in mee.
If on the Hart (that small VVorlds Center greate)
Such *Heate*, and *Cold* their vtmost Powers imploy,
No *Thoughts* could dwell therein for *Cold*, and *Heate*,
Which my distem'prod distract Thoughts annoy:
But, if I finde the *Climes* more temperate
In your VVorld then in mine, Ile thether send
My Thoughts by *Colonies*, in wretched state,
Sith there, for thwith, they cannot choose but mend:
And by your temp'rature when they bee rend bee
If you'l transplant them, Them re-plant in mee.

No-

NO, I deny it, and my negation
Salbe made good with two affirmatiues
Yea, I affirme mywhich Affirmation
Shal be authorised with two Negatiues:
I do deny I faine, yea, yea I do,
As you accuse me, and withal affirme
I loue you for your selfe, for whom I ooo:
And cannot loue no loue, that is too firme.
I cannot loue nolouts, nor loue that loue
That's like Priuation, drawing neer to nought:
That loue is nothing, and can Nothing moue,
But such a Som-thing as should not be fought.
What Then is iust? (I to be obey your hate)
It is that I would flie a evil fate.

(71)

WHat boots Complaint (if it be made alone)
To him whose help vnto himself doth lye?
But to cause Mone effect more cause of mone;
Or make Dispaire wan-hopes best remedy?
Sith now, ô Tirant Griefe, thou long hast had
The sack of my subdued hands Cheere,
Reft, reft away (for no more fruit be made)
Vnto thy spoiles that are nor filled neuer.
O Reason what cleer Eyes hast thou to see
Our Euils! & how blind in shunning them!
My Reason sees my Griefs extremity,
Yet sees not how to ease it with esteeme.
For, since I loue you (whom I can but praise,
To see you raise the hopes which me relieue.

Deer

(72)

DEer Sweet(who in a bright face Definite
(Being a Spark inflaming Worlds of loue,)
Containes an Heau'n of Beauty infinite,
To which my Thoughts, on Wings of Hope, do moue)
Sith that the Sunne(Heau'ns most maiestick Eye)
Disdaines not to behold the baseſt Worme,
To glad his Soule and grace his vility,
Let your Heau'ns Sunnes the like on me perform.
Grace is a Spark of that immortall Flame
Which, being from Heau'n descended knew not where
(In Earth) to enter in a mortall Frame,
But in your Orbe, wherethrough it shineth cleere:
Then, sith Grace glorifies your Worme, and Face,
Grace me with looks, that glorifie your grace.

(73)

THy Beauties blush, like faireſt Morne in Maie,
(Faire-Honied Sweet) doth so intrance mine Eies
That while thou doſt those Roſes rich display
They see Heau'ns hue through thy skins Christal skies,
And did my fault not thine enforce the same
I still could wish to see that Heau'nly shame:
Yea, I would see that glory to my shame,
So that my faces shame would cause that flush,
Then blame me not if (when thy Cheeks I see
Died in a Tincture that is so diuine)
My Cheeks in selfſame Colour Dyed be
To make thine spread their Dy, by dying mine.
Then, blush thou not, for blushing in this wise
Sith that Hue from, and for thy grace doth rise.

Some-

(74)

SOme, blaze the pretious beauties of their Loues
By precious Stones; and other some by flowrs;
Some, by the Planets, and Celestiall Powres;
Or, by what els their Fancy best approoues.
Yet, I, by none of these, will blazon mine;
But, onely saie hir selfe, hir selfe is like:
For, those *Similitudes* I much mislike
That are much vsed, though they be diuine.
In saying shee is like hir selfe, I say
Shee hath no like; for, shee is past compare.
Then, who, aright commends this creature rare,
Must say Shee is: and there, of force, must staie,
Because, by words, Shee cannot be expresst;
So, say shee is; and, wondring, owe the rest.

(75)

WEe read that *Gelon* and *Pisistratus*
Vsurpt tyrannicall dominion
By meanes as violent as vicious:
Yet ruld with loue, and admiration:
But, loue (that rules the *Kingdome* of my *minde*)
Comming in *Peace*, aright, to that Command
Doth rage therin, and either burne, or binde
The *Powres* therof, that none escapes his Hand:
Then would he *Gelon* were, for gouernment,
Though he had got the same with sword, and fire:
Then, should I be *Lesse* Kingdome of *Content*,
That am the flaming *Forge* of his *Desire*.
But, rule more mildly, *Loue*, least my *Minds* Powres
Conspire to quench that *Flame* with thy blouds Showres.

Bodies

(76)

Bodies, bee neither *Light*, nor *Heavy* found
So longe as they are in their proper place;
But being out, they shift to It apace,
Bee it aboue, or els beneath the Ground:
Then, *Loue*, it seemes, is not in his right *Sphearе*,
That in my Hart doth rest in such vnrest;
Who shifteth still to you, he loueth best;
Then, must he rest in you, or els no where.
Receaue my Loue (Deere *Loue*) then, to that rest,
Sith Diuine *Nature* made you for the same;
Proue not disloyall to that roiall *Dame*,
But let vs eache of other be possest:
And, if your vertue simple were before
Thus, beeing purely mixt, it wilbe more.

(77)

THe *Polipp* Fishe sits all the Winter longe
Stock-still, through Slouthe, and on him selfe doth feed:
So, through the cold of *feare* I do, in deede,
Whereby the Libertie of Loue I wronge.
But they do perishe, pittiesse, that weare
(Through slouthe) away, that might bee fatt, and Faire
By honest *Labour*; hie Promotios Staire:
So, do I perishe, pittiesse, through Feare,
Yet, can I not but feare your scorne, dread Dame,
If I should labour to disclose my *Loue*,
Sith your high fortunes myne are farre aboue,
This maks me, through my slouthe, to worke my blame:
But, lest I should my selfe so quite consume
To say I loue you, let my loue presume.

(78)

SO shootes a Starre as doth my Mistries glide
At Midd-night through my Chamber; which she makes
Bright as the Sky, when Moone, and Starres are spide;
Wherewith my sleeping Eyes (amazed) wake.
Which ope no sooner then hir selfe shee shutts,
Out of my sight, awaie so fast shee flies;
Which me in mind of my slack seruice putts;
For which all night I wake, to plague mine Eyes:
Shoote Starre once more, and if I bee thy Marke
Thou shalt hit mee, for thee Ile meet withall:
Let myne Eyes once more see thee in the darke,
Els they, with ceaslesse waking, out will fall:
And if againe such time, and place I lose
(To close with thee) lett mine Eyes neuer close.

(79)

DEere, if thou wilt that I shall call thee *Deere*,
(Who art most deere how euer thou art cald!
Endeere mee to thy Loue, past price, and peere,
By louing mee that to thy loue am thrall'd.
Yet feare I Freedome, as I feare thy hate:
For, nought but thie, fixt hate can make me free:
And, though relict, Ile be no Reprobate
To gentle Loue, nor yet to cruell Thee:
Ile bee thy Vassall, though free-borne I am,
Sith they are highe-borne whome thy loue sustaines:
Then let me liue to beare thy Vassalls name,
Yet liue to make thee labour for my paines:
That by that paines, and labours, thou, and I
may gett our Like, to liue in when wee dy.

(80)

THe *Romaines*, in their *Temples*, plac'd, of olde,
Neere to the *Graces*, well-Tongu'd *Mercury*;
To note that *Speeche* in vtt'ring will catch cold,
That lights not on a gracious *Eare*, and *Eye*:
So, though my Tongue were most Angelicall,
And, could make Eares to heare of Stone, or Wood,
Yet, if your Eares turne Hony into Gall,
As good no Speech, as speaking for no good.
Bee not (deere *Sweete*) ô bee not so peruerse,
Your Eares are fleshe, and so your Hart should bee:
Then, *stone* them not, to Coole my charmiug Verse,
That seekes to turne your *Eares*, and Hart to mee:
But, by that Turne, if you do feare a fall,
Ile hold you vp, or breake my Neck withall.

(81)

IF the *Egyptian*, and the *Troglodite*
Ouer whose Heads the *Sunne* directly stands
But one meere Moment, daily, in his height,
Do hardly scape quite burning by his Brands,
How then should I (bright-*Faire*!) not quite bee brent
With those bright Beams, shott frō, those *Sunnes*, thine Eyes,
Sith still they are to me directly sent
As from my *Zenith*, iu thy *Beauties* Skies?
O! with those Raies exhale from *Mercies* Seas
Some Dropps of *Grace*, & showre thē downe on me,
To coole the firie heate of my Disease,
That so my *Sore*, and *Salue* maie come from Thee:
If not, yet shall those Cloude-dissoluing Beames,
Melt my *Care*-Clouded Eies to cooling *Streames*.

(82)

WHiles that this Aire I breath to coole my Heart,
My Hart's inflamed so with loues desire
That Aire to Fire it doth thereby conuert:
So liues my Hart in Hel, or quenchlesse fire!
Then, canst thou Goddesse full of outward grace,
(In whom I hope, sith thee I loue and serue)
Still feed these flames with Beames sent from thy face
And martyr him thou shouldst from paines preserue:
Then may I say, by Kind th'art glorious made,
But by vnkindnesse thou thy selfe dost mar:
Thou mar'st thy selfe, That is, thou mak'st me vade,
Who, then thy selfe doth loue thee better far:
And yet thou lov'st thy self too well for me
Sith so thou lou'st, because I so loue thee.

(83)

NO more but so? Why then false Hopes farewel
Why, why so long haue you deluded me?
Saie you (false Faire) you hate to loue too well?
Although too wel, true loue can neuer be:
Then, too well haue I lou'd you for such loue
That thinks true loue too wel loues what it likes:
Which speech doth you as fond as fickle proue,
And through your tender reputation strikes.
Hate you to loue too wel that lothed Hate:
But hate not true loue kindly to imbrace:
Your grace to loue, my Mind did animate
And can you loue, too wel such loue of Grace?
If so you can, Grace, too well, loues your Frame
Who makes it famous, while you It defame.

(84)

LAmia the witch (as Poets featlie faine)
Still in a box, at home puts vp her Eies:
But going abrode shee put them in againe
Their propper holes, wherewith each Mote she spies:
So, thou at home, (that is, thy selfe within
O hellish *Cerces* that bewitchest me)
Pul'st out thine Eies: that is, seest not thy Sin;
But yet abrode thou mine too wel dost see:
Thou saist I haue deceau'd thee in thy loue
By other Loues; and so, thou me dost hate
Vpon a meer surmise: but I can proue
Where thou thy Chastitie did'st vulnerate:
O no, I lie, thou still didst keep it sound
But others gaue, and it receau'd the wound.

(85)

IT may be as you say: but yet say I
It should be otherwise then stil you do:
You saie you Loue, I wil not saie you lie,
Because you Loue, and Loue to linger so:
For, if you lou'd me could I loue so long,
For meer Delaies disguizd in Loues Araie
Could I, for so much right reape so much Wrong,
If you lou'd uot alone to show delay?
Delaie, in Loue, is daungerous you know:
Then If you loue sith mine that daunger is:
Who seeing loue wears me in Deed, and Show,
You loue Delaie, to wast me quite, by This:
But, if you loue to wast me so, by That,
Hate me, another while, to make me Fat,

Be-

(86)

BEe not, ô be not careleſſie vnkinde
To him (ſower-Sweet) whoſe care is all for thee:
Looke in my Hart, through windows of my minde,
And nought but thine owne Image thou ſhalt ſee.
Sack not the Temple then, where thou art ſhrinde
A glorius Monumente of Excellence!
The Shrine's immortal, ſith ſo is my Minde,
Yet maiſt thou it deface, by plaging Sence.
Thou plaugſt my feeling, ſith through thee I feele
The hatefulſt plagues that Loues Fire can inflict:
My Hart (where thou doſt dwell, with Hart of Steele;)
Sill flaming, burnes, yet thee it not afflicts:
But wert thou not leſſe ſenſible then Steele,
Thou coulſt not chooſe but feele the paines I feele!

(87)

It's ſaide and knowne, (and, ſo, it's held for true)
That *Arethuſa*, and *Alphëus* are
Two *Riuers* that, each other ſo perſue
As noughte can let their Courſe, or water marre:
For ſweete *Alpheus* doth throug Thetis glide,
Free from her ſaltneſſe, (though, Lais-like ſhee ſteere)
Vntill he meete vpon the other ſide,
With his loue *Arethuſa*, freſh and cleere.
Then, if that ſeneleſſe Riuers (which by kinde
Are moſt vnſtaid) in loue ſo conſtant bee,
Let me not you (Faire *Nimphe*) vnconſtant finde,
Sith through all wrongs, I runne, arighte, to Thee;
Then, ſith to thee I runne through Sorrowes ſeas,
Let mee in thy cleare Hart, and Armes haue eaſe.

Downe,

(88)

DOwn, down proude Hart, to Loues Lures, stoop, ô stoop
She Lures, that loues, shee loues, that can allure;
Then, downe, ô downe, yet not so low as droupe;
Sith shee, beeing gracious, is as kinde, as sure:
Hir glancing Eye, through Loue, in, State is staid,
Which stands with constant grace, and Maiesty:
Both which, in, loue deserue to be obaide
By hatefull harts, that are as hard as bie;
Then melt, melt Hart, in hott affections flames,
If thou be not more hard then hardest Stones:
For, Harts, but of that temper, shee vnframes
In fire of Loue, and makes them tender ones:
Then (Sweet) sith now mine melts for loue of you,
Let it run into yours, to Mould it new.

(89)

THere was a time (to speak, whereof I faint
Sith That that was, nere lou'd the ducking Frir'e)
When I might pray to you, as to my Saint,
And you wold grant, or further my desire.
But, you reiect (as superstitious)
The praiers which I now do make to you
And (tearming them as vaine, as vitious)
You bend from me, when I to you do bow.
If I with you commit Idolatry
It is an easie error, sith you be
An Image but too like the Deity,
For Fleshy Eyes the difference to see:
But, if you would haue me, my Conscience kill
Bid me not loue you, that will do your will.

So

(90)

IN *Nature* are two lupreame *Principles*:
As namely, *Vnity*, and *Binaries*:
The first doth forme all *Beauties* Miracles;
The last's the Fount of all Deformities.
The Forme of *Number* is this *Vnitie*:
(*Number*, the *Matter*: *Vnitie*, the *Forme*)
Confusion, springeth from *Duality*;
Which doth the frame of *Nature* quite deforme:
Then sith that *Vnity* hath so great grace,
And that *Duality* bee so deform'd:
Lett,s not bee two (faire *Sweete*) but fast embrace
The *Meane* whereby wee may bee still conform'd:
Or, if wee shall bee Two (ô fairest *Faire*!)
Let you, and I make but one perfect *Faire*.

(91)

HA, ha, ha, ha, you make me laugh, I sweare:
And yet I laugh as some, in ioy, do weepe!
To see you double, like a *Hare*, for feare,
Lest I should smell where now, in loue, you creepe,
Well, Wanton, well: I see your Harebraind Course,
Though, with the Cart, I wincke at what I see:
You now turne Taile to mee, no force, no force,
You shew your beastly manners as they bee.
Double no more, no more Ile hunt for you:
Vnlesse I open, sith you now I winde;
Ile freely spend, your fame still to pursue,
Sith it is blinde before, and lame behinde:
Yet though some wide mouthes call a Iade, a Iade,
Ile speake more spruce, yet call a Spade, a Spade.

(92)

LOoke from the *Towre* of thy high disdaine
(Wherein I see thee, though thou seest me not)
On mee (*fell Faire*,) flat lyeng on the Plaine
Of *Lowlinesse*, like one least little Mote?
Yet if thy heavenly *Face* Sunnes do shine
(In grace,) on my great Smallnesse I, poore I,
Shall, shining, mount, as if I were Diuine,
Like Motes in *Sunne*, who, shyning, mount thereby.
But if thou Clouds thy face: Heau'n wid'rought
That may those *Sunne*-beames lett to shine on mee,
Ile steepe my selfe in Teares till I be nought,
That I thus brought to nought by cruell Thee,
May charge thee with my fall, when I shall rise
To meet thee, to haue Iustice, in the Skyes.

(93)

O proudly chaste, and Louely-coy, deere Sweete,
Why takst thou pleasure to impeach thy fame
With name of Cruell, for thy Sex vnmeete?
To keepe good name, wilt thou lose thy good name?
Its mercy to thy selfe to be most fell
To those (I graunt) that seeke thine *Honors* foile;
But, vnto him that makes thy praise excell
It is no prayse to tryumph in his spoile.
The pure respect thou bear'st thy *Chastity*
First made me loue thee with all pure respect:
Then, sith pure loue, is perfect *Pity*,
And chast *Desire* is sacred, in effect,
Requite my pure Loue, and my chast desire
With like, to like, till wee become intire.

(99)

Floding my selfe (before I would be found)
Neer lost in Laborinths of hapleſſe loue,
I got me to a melancholy groue,
To deſcant on Loues-griefs my heauy Ground:
Where whilſt I couch't me to performe the ſame,
The Flies, and Gnats, without ſtill vexed me,
And Grief, within, as buſy as a Bee,
Vnto my treble griefe, made double game:
So, while I ſought to deſcant on my Harmes,
My Harmes did deſcant on That which I ſought:
For, while I thought on't, I was vext in thought,
And, in my Fleſh afflicted with theſe Sorrows,
Then thought I Louers were like idle Drones,
Whom Stingers follow to augment their moanes.

(99)

GOds me! what will you ſoft, what do I dreame?
Do I heare reall words, or think I doe?
Or can it be that beauty ſo extreame
Should be ſo fowly falſe, and brag on't too?
Sure, I had rather lay my Senſes lye,
Then think you can be ſo vnlike to you:
Sith in the ſame's no poſſibility
How ere you ſeem to you, a-part from you.
Say what you will, I will not credit you,
To think (much leſſe to ſay) that you ſo ſweare,
Will plighte me faith; then, me and Loue forgoe,
And vaunt (ô paſt beleefe!) how you did ſo.
But, this I ſweare, if you reſt ſo reſolu'd
That ſuch cracke Ware is better loſt then ſolde,

(96)

HE that would faine reduce an high-borne Wife
Vnto the Compasse of his meane estate,
Must not at first, stick for a little Strife,
To make his peace to haue the longer Date:
For, as some Curtall ouer-lusty Mares,
Then Water them, wherein they seeing it,
Let fall their Creſt, sith their Tail so ill fares,
That Fooles, and Asses ride them without Bit:
So, from the *Colon* to the *Period*
Of this *Similitude*, what should ensue
Is eas'ly gest: But ah, I am forbod
By high-borne Wiues, low matchd, to tell it you:
But, by their leaues this must I needs affirme,
A Ring, too wide, wel bow'd doth sit more firme.

(97)

FOole that I am, to seem so passionate
In that which Wiues, and Woes, and Years haue calmd!
Why, now should *Venus* know my Bodies State?
Or, with her *Balsamum* my Wounds be Balm'd?
No more, no more: it is ynough that I
Haue won Repentance, with the losse of Tyme,
In running o're these Rules of Vanity:
And not repeate them, erst in Rules of Rime.
Now, many Winters haue Frost-bit my Haires,
Congeal'd my Bloud, and cool'd my vitall Heat,
I, Youthful-follies should ore-flow with Teares:
And, make a Rod of *Rue* my selfe to beate:
But, trust me Loue, how ere I write of Thee,
I am in hate with thee, and thou with me.

(98)

IF I dare call Loue Rogue, and Runnagate,
Its like I am resolu'd to loath his loue:
But, so I cal Him and the cause of Hate,
VVhich to my grief, in mine owne Soule I proue,
I hate as hel, His meer remembrance
Much more the Fauours he hath done to me:
And hold his loathsom loue the fowl'st mischance,
That can befall Men that most hapelesse be.
It is the Scurge of God to plague Mankinde:
The Conflagration of a World of Lust:
The Match whereat Hel-fire it self doth tynd:
The Heate that soonest turnes our Bloud to dust:
And (so I might not seem of bloudy Mind)
VVould's Braines were beaten out, as he is blind.

(99)

THe Tyrant loue, that martyrs stil the Mind
VVe make a God, to which our Pens & Tongues
Do sacrifice their Labours, ill aligh'd;
And so ore-right the Author of our VVrongs:
Then, this Affections flood we ought to turne
Into the Channel of Celestial loue:
Sith Angels with ths inchar bleſſed burne
(*Leander*-like) to Grace by VVhom they moue?
VVhere Light of truth (the Land-mark) here goes out,
And stil the Current runs as calm, as cleare
Where no disfortunes Flawes, Feare needs to doubt,
Sith holy Loues smoot, Floud, excludeth Feare.
This Loue alone, (did our Muse rightly sing)
Should be the Plaine-song of hir descanting.

WHy sing I then in this too loosing Straine
When Loue, and I do so vnkindly iar?
This Vaine in me, may seeme as light as vaine;
Who stil turnes Coward in Loues hottest War.
Besides, my State of Fortune, Body, Mind,
Are all aduerse to light Loues amity:
How is it then I am to loue so kind,
As to seem subiect to his Empery?
The Cause is weak, though strong in strange Effects,
Which Men, how staid so ere, by Wind doth moue:
Some cal it Fame, that nought but Aire respects,
And, sooth to say, for Ly'ing of Loue.
And though they write best, that write what they feel:
Yet, edgd by Fame, I fetch Fire out of Steele.

THus far may Speculation helpe a Wit,
Vnapt for loue, to write of Loues estate:
Thus far can Art, or good hir Benefit,
Past Natures Bounds, to shew, of Loue, or Hate;
These Loue-tricks are not myne, though mine they be:
As they are thus drawne out in louing Lines:
These Passions are too weak to passion me,
Although my Strength from ought to nought declines.
But whilst my Muse Hypocrite is sin;
Make me not seem more holy than I am:
My Marrow-bones lie Flesh and Bloud within,
All which, by nature, burnes to Beauties Flame;
But, say I am, such Grace to me is good,
Free from vnkind desires of Flesh and Bloud.

Loue

BVsie *Inuention*, while thee thou loath'st
Are no Conceits ensconst within thy Scull
To helpe thy woing?
Canst not, with *Iudgment* aide, conuert thy out
My Ladies dreaded Forces to diuert
Or, can'st thou vse no *Stratagem* of Wit
To yeeld vnto Conditions faire, as let
els loue enwrappe her?
Fy, fy, thou lin'st my heedpeece to no end
I cannot, in *Loues* warres, my Wit defend
Doth *Loue* confound thee, that thy Founder is,
Can she which can but make thee pregnant, stille
The powers of *Wit* cannot defend thee then
But thou must die, with shame, and liue again
Hope, hold my Hart, and Head, for, they are sick

Loue

Loue-sicke they are and needes an *Emperick*
which *Loue* denieth.
Inuention, now doth vpon his last breath
for comfort crying,
Hee dies, and yet, in dying, striues with Death
(in life still dying)
Ring out his Knell, for now he quite is dead
Ding, dong, bell, well songe!
Sing out a Dirge for now hee's buried
Farewell Hee, well songe!
This *Epitath* fix on his senselesse Head,
Here lies Inuention
That stood his louing Mistresse Seruant
In Loues contention.
Yet, for his soule (least it should quite bee damn'd)
Some Dole bestow yee,
Giue my poore Wits (which he hath fowly blam'd)
what he doth owe me.
So, *Morian*, [illegible]
Bee not to vnto darkenesse, but to Blisse
of bright Heauens.

Die

DIe, die *Forbidden Hope*, & dwell
For, while you liue, no Deathlesse Hell
Sith from *Forbidden Hope* nor comfort
Hee dies, and yet, in dying, liues
(Ambitious hope, forbiddent)
Then, if thou liu'st, needes die I must
For, Death doth liue in hope vnblest
Or at the least *Dispaire*, buried
Whereof *Death* is the Heire
Then die, or still liue hidden

NOw, to this Sea of Griefe Ocean of death
(Lymittlesse *London*) next I come obserued.
Where twofold *Plagues* endanger my liues death
Of Soule, and Bodie, of the most feared:
The Bodies Plague's ill which I can
For, is *ill* in the Cure best remedie?
But *Synne* (the Plague which doth the Soule
He cannot do, though how he wall doth woo,
Then, now my Soule stand stiffly on thy guard
Sith many mortall Dangers thee
Lett Grace, thy *guide*, thy House still watch, & warde
To keepe thy Habitation cleane, as sound:
And, if thou canst, with *Lott*, liue chastlie here
Angels will fetche thee hence when Plagues are neere.

Other

Other Sonnets upon other Subiects.

The Trinity illustrated by a three-square perspective Glasse.

IF in a three-square Glasse, as thick, as cleare,
(Be'ing but dark Earth, though made Diaphanall)
Beauties diuine, that rauish Sence, appeare,
Making the Soule, with ioy, in Trance to fall,
What then, my Soule, shalt thou in Heau'n behold,
In that cleare Mirror of the TRINITY?
What? O It were not THAT, could it be cold:
For, tis a glorious, yet dark Mistery.
It is THAT which is furtheſt from deſcription,
Whoſe beaming-beauty's more then infinite.
It's *Glories Monument*, whoſe *Superſcription*
Is, *Here lies LIGHT, abuue indefinite!*
Then, O Light, limit-leſſe, ſeeing me (poore me)
Still liue obſcure, for I may ſtill ſee Thee.

(2)

I Loue the life that *Loue* doth most mislike:
That is the life which is most like to Death:
On Lifes Hart-strings when Death at last, shall strike
Soules Organs then do sound with sweetest breath!
The Discords of this Life annoy their Eares
Where but *Faithes* Concords onely sweetly sound:
From *Discords, Dangers* rise: from *Dangers, Feares*:
Which Three, these Three, the *Soule, Minde, Body*, wound!
I would therefore, liue dead to such a life,
Within the *Graue* of most obscoure estate:
So, dead, to liue as farre from *State*, as *Strife*,
To check those Lusts that would giue *Loue* the *Mate*:
But ô this *Faith* (traile faith, and *Loue* (*selfe*-Loue)
Be dead, sith they but liue for selfe-behoue.

(3)

Time, faster then my *Thoughts* away doth haste;
Who thought not to haue lost *it*, but for *gaine*:
But, as that *thought* was present, *Time* was past;
So, left mee but to thinke that *Thought* was vaine:
While I am musing how my *Time* to spend,
Time spends It selfe, and me: but how, I muse!
So, still I muse, while *Time* drawes on mine ende:
Thus *Time* doth me, and I do it abuse,
I thinke, and while I thinke, I lie'ly, acte:
(Yet *Thought's* no idle action of the *Minde*)
So, idle *actions Time*, and *mee* haue wracke:
Yet, in these *Ruines*, I my making finde:
For, I am made, by musing, what I am
That's one that lynes the *Ornaments* of *Fame*.

Sith

(4)

Sith *Rest*, and *Labour* weares this *Life* away:
(For, *Rest* doth toile, as *Toile* doth fatigate)
Sith *Payne*, in *Labours* flirres, and rests in *Play*:
(For, *Labours* paines That, *Rest* doth satiate)
What maruell though the *Hoast* of *Animalls*
Do (groning) longe to bee *Life* dispossest:
Sith their whole Pow'r by *Natures* forces falles
Into the life of *Labours*, Death of *Rest*,
Then how should *Man* but longe to leaue that Stage
Where *Paine* doth plaie in *Rest*, and *Rest* in *Payne*:
Sith *Rest's* his Heiue, and *Payne's* his Pilgrimage,
Who cannot rest, where thee cannot remayne?
It then remaines that wee this *Life* detest
Sith it doth rest in Toile, and toile in *Rest*!

(5)

Sith glorious *Princes* like to *Meteors* are,
(As cleare, as brittle) how dare they contend:
Sith when they meete, and light vpon the bare,
They may see their *beginnings*, in their *ende*?
And, sith base *Peasants* like to *Bladders* bee,
(Puft vp with winde which mills them stiffe, as stoine)
Mee thinkes each bound they should rise heauily:
Sith That which makes them mount, may let It out.
Lastlie, sith *Men* to *Bubbles* are compar'd,
(Then which no *Things* neerer kin to *Nought*)
Why from ill *Thoughts* do they their *Will* not warde?
Sith they may bee extinguisht with a *thought*?
It is sith *Bubbles* do but weake appeare,
So, in their Weakenesse, *Men* to *Nought* are neere:

VVorke

(6)

VVOrke on, my *Soule*, while *Sleepe* bounds thy rest,
And, *Sence* held idle by his heauy hands
Acte in *Dumbe Shewes*, which idle *Spirits* shew
That *Wit*, thy *Wall*, about thy, may vnderstand
Let *Fancy* offer to *Intelligence*
The Shade of *Shapes*, whose *Substance* thou dost loue,
So, *Sence* shall see, within the *Fancy Sence*
(When *Reason* is rest) how thou doest proue
Mount thee vpon thy *Wings* of *Wit*, and *Will*,
Vnto the height of thy *Wills* true desire
There worke thy pleasure, be it good, or ill,
That (waking) *Will* may worke what *Wit* inquires
For, tis *VVits* worke in sleepe, *VVills* worke to spy,
That wakfull *VVit* may right what is awry.

(7)

THe *Match* is double made, where *Wife* and *Wife*,
Of diuerse *Nature*, make one perfect *Mirror*,
Striuing to be as farre from *Hate* as *Strife*
In kindnesse constant of a diuerse kinde.
Hee, gladd of hir, Shee of him selfe, more glad,
Sith as him better, hirselfe thinks him hath
Each giues, to each, yet haue more then they had
For, loue, and wealth so, growes more manifold
Doubling one life, sith they of Two, make One,
Where *Loues* Desires reste pleased, in vnitie
For truelie, refus, would, and wanting
And by their *Marriage* that is full expresse
He rules sith Shee obaies, or rather Shee
Obaying, rules: Thus, *Rules* may married bee

VVore

(8) (61)

VVEre *Mans* Thoughts to be measured by Daies
Which in a Day, the Mynde doth daily raise:
For, still the *Minde* in motion like a VVaue:
Or, should his Daies be measured by Thought
Then *Tyme* should be a *Woman* they would salute
Yet, Thought doth make this life both long, & nought:
That's nought, if longe, and longe, if nought it bee.
If longe it bee, for being nought, (though short)
The shortest thought of longe life is too longe:
Which thinkes it longe in *labour*, short in *ioye*,
So, *Thought* makes life to go the full old, or younger
But this its full of *thought*, such full of *Synne*
Thinke it may ende, as thought of it beginnes.

(9)

SEarch all the Scaters for their wealth to wynne,
And you shall see (how euer darkly donne)
That lightly with the Eye they do begin
As if *Loues* heate, and *Wines*, came from that *Sunne*.
And I, as if the Eye bewitched mee,
Oft set my *Seruice* Sayne full in the Eye
Of beaming *Beauty*, that, for my fee I
Wherein consists *Loues* Comicke Tragedie.
Thus is the Seruan Soueraignes *Subiect*, made
Loue scorches Subiects in faire Paper *Rennes*,
Sith with *Loues* fire it doth the blame inuade:
For, that cold *Clay* consumes with *Beauties* Beames.
Then ô the Eye, the Eye! I, I, that's it
Wherein vpon for their want of *Grace*, and *Wit*.

Wisdome,

(10) (8)

VVIſedome, and Vertue cannot (if they would)
Miſguide the Soule to whom they ſtil are Guides:
They guide to Glory going but on Golde,
And all that Earth doth pretious hold beſides,
Or, if ill Times ſhould (with iniurious hand)
Oppreſſe Them in their Courſe, or Croſſe their way,
Yet muſt He needs abide Times Conqueſt ſtand
That, with ſuch ſlight Iniuries, ſtils may,
The ayme of Wiſedome, yea and Fortune too,
Is at one White, to vnite bright-brow'd they loue:
Ne can Croſſe Fortune Wiſedome Friends vndo,
Sith their vndoings do their making grow.
The Stars rule Fooles, but ruled by Wiſemen are:
So, ech Mans Manners do his Fortunes ſquare.

(11)

WHen, with my Minds right Eye, I do behold
(From nought, that darke or nothing deſſ gliſt'ring)
(Like Phaeton) drawne, enbroched in burnſtar Gold,
Raigning his drowſie, who ſo ſtil Raigne
I deem me bleſſed in the World to be
Borne as I am, among the firſt Things
No King, nor Slaue, but of the meaner degree
Where I ſee Kings made Slaues, and Slaues made Kings.
When, if my Mean ſo be not one Thing
That minds but Mean things (this thought keepes
And ſo I liue, in Safe, not cold obſcuring
For Loue, or Meed, no Vice-ſtaind Vertue
Yet Flowres of Crowned, Poets might take,
Wherein (not Dedicating) I

In

In praise of Poesie.

THou that, by force of All-commanding wordes,
Makst all Affections follow thy Commands,
To whome the Highst such height of powre affords
As fully with his grace, and glory stands;
To thee sweet Poesie offer I this Mite
Of Forceleslie words deriu'd from lesser might.
Thou that dost scorne Conniers with muddy Braines
Or with oughte lesse then Spirits Angelicall,
Who chaunt inchaunting *Songs* bewitching *straines*
Whereof but some inclides the Summe of All
To thee I sacrifice these Laudes no leane
In flames of zeale that fume surmount the Meane:
For ô Thou scornst so base an Meane to beare
Sith that the Meane in Thee, is held but base,
Though other Arts the Meane doe highly reare
Thou holdst the *Meane* to bee an high disgrace
Then ô with what high *Raptures* should my Braynes
Entraunced bee to ope thy vertues Vaines?
Which, while I striue to do my Braines do beate
As if they would worke out their *Freedome* so
Who doe attempt to leaue their narrow Seate,
As if they scorn'd to be the Crowne below
But would be compast in an Angels Crowne
To make thee Angell-bright in deere renowne!
Sweet Helicon, my Braines quite ouerflow:
So shall thy Nectar them intoxicate

And

And with a fiery Wreathe bind thou my brow,
That mak'ſt the Muſe in Flames to fulminate:
While ſhe, with voice, like Thunder, rattles forth,
The Peales of Praiſes due to Poëſies worth!
From this Foundation mighty my Muſe ſoar'd ſtrait
The ten-fold Orbs of Heauen, and lighted there
To whom ſhe ſhould Triumphant Praiſes ſing,
That's all in All, there ſhould thoſe praiſes ring,
That higher praiſes might be His Meede:
But, ſuch Tranſcendents are too high to climb.
For my rude Muſe. Wings can no Flame ſo clime
Yet in my Sconce ſhall ſeate for Reuerence
All words that may ſing Praiſe with Angels Flames
And Iudgement ſeyne them fit with Arte Mouth-glue
That they may hold part Time with all
But ô my Will! Words lame! Conceits dull!
Then, let my ſilence praiſe what Words
For ô Thou
Sith that the Meane in Thee, is held but Scale,
Though other Arts the Meane doe highly reare
Thou holdſt the Meane to be an high diſgrace
Then ô with what high Powers ſhould my Prayres
Enuironced bee to ope thy Vertues Store?
Which while I ſtriue to do my Parts do beare
As if they would worke our their Freedome to
Who doe attempt to reach their narrow Sconce,
As if they leond to robe the Crowne below,
It would be compaſt in an Angels Crowne
To make thee Angell-bright in deare renowne!
Sweet Helicon, my Braines quire ouerflow,
So ſhall thy Nectar them into rare

And

(71) (13)

WHiles in my Soule, I feel the soft warme Hand
Of Grace, so thaw the Frozen dregs of Sin
She, Angell (amid) Eden's Walks doth stand
To keep out outward Loyes that would come in;
But, when that holy Hand is tane away
And that my Soule congealeth (as before)
She outward Comforts seeks (with Care) each way
And, runs to meet them at each sences Doore.
Yet they, but at the first sight, only please,
Then shrink, or breed abhor'd Satiety:
But, diuine Comforts (far vnlike to These)
Do please the more, the more they stay, and be?
Then, outward Loyes I inwardly detest,
Sith they stay not, or stay but in vnrest.

(54)

IT's not Caystus, Riuer of fad teares:
Nor ought besides that may sense most torment
Doth cause the feare of death, or life indeeres,
In Epicures, that sensually are bent;
But tis the relaps into Nullity,
Which of all griefs and miseries is chiefe
To those that scoffe at immortalitie,
Sith in Not-being's Beings greatest griefe:
For, what ioy is so great but the conceipt
Of falling to his Infinition
(Of blacke Non-essence) will confound it streight
In those that thinke this life their Portion?
Sith then their Heau'n on their fraile life depends,
Their Heau'n must melt when they do minde their ends.

(15)

MEn, (Worlds of Mould, that fil the great Worlds Mo!d)
Creep (like vile Wormes, in whom is nought but slime)
To find some Hole, wherein to make their Hold;
Which found, they fil; then (restlesse) straine they climb:
Til having raisd themselues about the Ground
They open lye to be to dust dissolu'd:
As litle, by great Clods, to Dust, are grounde:
So, Clods resolu'd to climb, are soone resolu'd:
For, litle Worlds, that would be as the great,
Break, sith they cannot that huge Masse containe;
For, they that Eat the Earth, the Earth wil eate:
So, Earth to quick, is quickly dead againe:
Then, in the Earth, if Men wil be lecured,
They must like Wormes, straite Holes, or death indure.

(16)

WHen Will doth long to feed on her owne desires
She makes the Wit (her Vassall) to the Will
To do what she (how ere vaine) requires;
Which Wit doth (though sparingly) fulfill.
Yet, as well pleasd (ô temporizing Wit)
He seems t'effect his pleasure willingly:
And all his Reasons to him selfe doth fit
So, like the World, goes hee by flattery:
That this is true, a Thousand Witnesses
(Impartial Conscience) wil directly prove;
Then, if we would not willingly transgresse
Our Will should swayed be by Rule of Love:
Which hides the Multitude of sins by use,
His fire, thereby, to him his Servants draweth.

(17)

IT is no easie skill to rule aright;
The Helm of State one Hand can hardly sway:
They must needs vse the left, as wel as right,
That in a right Course, wil a Kingdome stay:
For, like as *Hercules* (as Poets faine)
VVas gotten in a Night as long as two,
Because that Phebus did his horses raigne
Till *Iupiter* that Deed, did throughly Do:
So, a right Statesman must of force be bred
In a long Night of Silence, and sad thought;
And in deep skill should hide his subtil Head,
Til his skill be Herculean as it ought;
And then, though Atlas on him Heau'n impose,
He that huge Burden, staidly vnder-goes.

(18)

VVHen *Verity* and *Vertue* be at one
with Peoples-loue (cald Popularity)
They (like a forewind in the Poop) driue on
The Owner to sway Kingdoms easily:
But, if this tripple Vnion be at ods
The lack of one may cause the wrack of al,
Although the lackers were terrestrial gods
Yet wil their ruling reel, or reeling fall.
I grant, a time vice may haue good successe,
And rule at wil, by rules of Policy;
But in Conclusion will haue nothing lesse,
If true the Rules be of Diuinity:
For, who doth rule by Rules that vertue lack,
In *Vices* spight his Rule shalbe his wrack.

(6)(51)

MEn ouertoild in Commen-VVealth affaires
Gett much *Tantalus* wealth by wealthie paines;
VVhich they enioy not through vnceasant Cares:
So, all their Comfort is in Care, and Gaines.
Good reason then, that they should care to gett,
Who gett great Cares, by getting great Comands:
That will not let them sleepe, but sleepe they lett:
For, who sleepes well in Hardy-thoughtie-Bands?
VVell fare they then with glorious Miseries,
Though they fare costly, yet they costly fare:
That feede on nought, but what doth feede the Eyes,
And cloy their Stomackes with consuming Care.
Care for such Cattle not to ill for me,
Sith Commons nought more Common better bee.

(20)

DAm'd *Auarice* (like a filthie greedie VVhore)
Stirrs vp Desire, and pleasures each for did:
And makes hir Louers starue amidst their Store,
As *Midas* with his golden Viands did.
All other *Lusts* them selues helpe euery way:
For, who's a Glutton that will spare to feede?
Or who are carnall that forbeare the play
Vpon an appetite to acte the Deed?
But wealthie *Misers* haue not what they hold:
And, money vse not, through desire to hoord:
As, wee should Clothes for fashion for bid, for cold:
And, for wee hungrie are, eate not a bit?
This is an *Ill* that *Good* doth euill abuse,
Because it loues the good, it hates to vse.

(18)

A Time there was when as thee *Moone* desird
The Sunne to make hir a fitt Peticote;
Who did refuse to doe what shee requir'd,
Sith hee in hir suche often change did note:
So, can no wisedome well proportion out
To these *Phantastick*s (various, as vaine)
A rate of Wealth to bring the yeare about,
Sith now they loue, what straight they lothe againe.
These, of all light Things, burden most the Earth;
Of whome there is no helpe, no hope, no vse;
Whose Mothers labored idly in their birthe,
To beare such idle Things, for Things abuse:
Each Slaue to vice may vs'd bee in his Kind,
But ther's no vse of the vnconstant Mynd.

(22)

THe ignorance of the *Omnipotent*,
Into two Branches doth it selfe diuide,
Atheisme, and *Superstition*, either bent
From *Truth*, and in their backward bent abide.
The first, incountring *Natures* stiff, and hard,
Begetts in them scorne of Religion:
The last, with supple Natures, more afeard,
In them ingenders Superstition.
These, to Religion, are the two *Extreames*;
Twixt whome she rests, a Vertue most Diuine!
Crowned with three in One rare Diadems,
By Heau'ns great Thre in One, or single-Trine!
These Two bewitche the World; for, at this daie
Most pray amisse, or els they misse to pray.

Pleasure

(23)

PLeasure with Profitt is the Pynn whereto
Best Penns dire& their best directed ayme;
Which if they splitt, they do as they should do;
And iustly for it *Glories* prize they claime.
Now from my *Will* (well-bent as I suppos'd)
(With Shafts of the indeuors of my Witt)
I haue roud at this Point, and them dispos'd
As the Winde sate abrode, the Pynn to splitt.
If I haue shott too much on the left hand,
I (as not weather-wise) the Winde mistooke:
Yet I considred both the Aire, and Land;
But, though my Shafts can neither of them brooke,
I loost them right, though light mine Arrowes were
Yet some being weightie, I must needs bee neere.

(24)

PLato putts difference these Tearmes betweene
A Man Is not, and is that hath no Beeing:
For, in the first a *Nullity* is seene,
Which with nor *Sence*, nor *Substance* hath agreeing.
The other showeth but the difference
Betweene the *Cause*, and *Master*; or, more plaine,
Betweene the *Pow'r*, and *Passion*; wherein *Sence*
Perceaues that Odds doth really remaine:
For, *This* distinguisheth twixt that which *Is*
(Yea, of *Is* selfe *Is*, euermore the same)
And *That* which of another's *That*, or *This*,
Yet holds nor *This* nor *That*, but alters Frame:
So, *Man*, compared with his constant *Cause*,
No *Beeing* hath at all, by *Natures* Lawes!

Since

(25)

SInce first I came to yeeres my selfe to know,
To know my selfe, I haue done what I can:
Who am not as I am in outward show,
And yet I seeke to show my selfe a man:
For, sith of *Soule*, and *Body* I consist,
And that my *Body* for my *Soule* was made,
I ought, in searching of that *Soule*, insist;
Sith that's my selfe, that *It*, and cannot fade:
Shee *Is*: that is, (Like hir *Originall*)
immortall, and *inuisible*: that is
Past comprehention of *Witt* naturall,
So, still I search, to know; to know I misse:
Then, if my knowledge bee but this to kno
That I know nothing, I am humbled so.

(26)

THe *Accademicks* held it better farre
Quite to distrust th' *Imagination*;
Then to beleeue all which it doth auerre,
Which breeds more false, then true opinion:
Then, sith the case so stands with this Soules Powre,
We should suspend our Iudgment, sith Things seeme,
Not as they bee (though *Sence* the same assure)
But, bee (but in Conceite) as them we deeme:
For, through the *Sences* Chanells that doth runne,
That is conuaid to the *Intelligence*:
Then, *Sence* (as in the greatnesse of the *Sunne*)
Beeing deceau'd, deceaues eache inward *Sence*:
O then, for *Men*, who seeke but good to show,
How long ought wee suspect they are not so?

So

(27)

SO long as Vnity retaines his might
She is but only One: the Number Two
Breeding but diffrence: so indefinite
Doth stil deuide, that so it may vndoe
Eu'n so a VVord, or Speech whil they abide
But in the Thought, It's cald a Secret right:
But if put foorth, forthwith abrode it glydes:
For, words haue wings as swift as Thought in flight.
A ship, vpon her wings (the Sailes) may be
In roughest winds stayd by her Anchor hold
When she would into wel knowen dangers flee
And so the same from other wrack withhould:
But speak a word, and nought shal let it hie,
Oft to the wrack of him that let it fly.

(28)

THen, if we show (what vnknown fame we would)
To any other, we bewray thereby
We weene theil keep that closer then we couth
So, shew our Secrets for more secresie.
But, do the Geese, that into Cirrh
Ouer the mountain Taurus fly by night,
Gag them with Stones, for Gaggling as they fly,
Lest Eagles breeding there should stop their flight:
And shall men haue lesse Wit then witlesse Geese
To make that kuown that Wit wold close conceal
And put no Gag into their glib Mouth-peece,
But (like tame Gulls) by gagling it reueale?
Then, if my Toongue were of this twatling kinde,
It should more tast my meat, then feel my mind.

a2

Thy

(29)

They that have skil to keep, and nourish Bees
Do hold that Hiues wherein most noyse they make
To be the best, or with them best agrees
Who, to the same, most honied Riches rake:
But they that haue the Charge of humane Swarmes?
Do hold them happiest when they quietst be:
And furthest off from vproares, and Alarms,
As hauing honied Sufficiency!
Sufficiency, the Nurse of Rest, and Peace:
For excesse breeds excesse of Sin, and Shame:
And Sin, and Shame do wars, and Woes increase:
Where Wasps make honied Riches spoile their game:
Then, in our treble Hiues of treble Realmes,
We want no peace, because we want Extremes.

(30)

THe Frosty Beard, inclining al to white,
The Snowy Head: or Head more white then Snow,
The Crow-foot neer the Eyes, Browes, Furrow'd quite,
With Trenches in the Cheeks, Experience show.
These are the Emblems of Authority,
Which ioynd to those do much augment her might:
These are the Signes of Reasons Soueraigney,
And Hyeroglyphicks spelling Iudgement right.
These are the Trophies rear'd by Times left hand,
Vpon the spoile of Passion, and her Powres:
We, by these Symbols, Wisedome vnderstand:
That vs directeth, and protecteth ours.
All these in me begin to come in sight,
Yet can I hardly rule my selfe aright.

(31)

ALl Dignities that ſodainly begin,
And gloriouſly increaſe, in haſt, poſt haſt,
So orerunne *Enuie* that ſhee cannot ſynne,
Nor ſynne before, for ſtraight hir pow'r they paſt.
If *Flax* on fire bee put, it makes no ſmoke,
Becauſe it, in a Moment, falls to flame:
No more can *Enuy*, *Pompe* to fume prouoke,
That on the ſoddaine blazeth on the ſame.
But *Greatneſſe* gotten ſlowlie by degrees
Lies moſt expoſd to *Enuies* cruell eyes:
Thoſe Beames are faire, and, ſo thereto, ſhee ſees
Them at the brightneſs, with ſolde-full Hyen.
Then, bleſſed They that are from State exempt
That lies expoſd to *Enuy*, and *Contempt*.

(32)

THe more vnlike to God, the worſe the Man;
Things moſt like Gods vnlike, are moſt vile things:
God *Brightneſſe* is, with Him is full the gayne;
The Deuill is darkeneſſe, and from him it ſpringes.
Who's bright, or loueth brightneſſe, is like God:
Who's darke, or Darkeneſſe loues, is like the Deuil:
Who then in Darkeneſſe liues, or in it's abode,
Doth liue like Gods vnlike, the Fiend of Hell.
To liue, or die alone, it is all one;
Saue that, of both extremes, no diſh is beſt:
The Beaſts moſt braue, delight to liue alone;
And whoſoe liueth ſo, liues like a Beaſt.
I cannot thinke that Men ſuch Beaſts will been;
For, Men, and Beaſts lyue with the like intent.

5. Sonnets in ppaise of Emitecry or a publike Life.

(33)

VVEalth of *Heau'ns Heau'n*, and want of *Hell of Hells*:
Angells renowne, and *Mens* euangeliz'd:
The *Summe*, of all their *All* imparadiz'd:
Gloriosus Elias, that it selfe excells!
Blackneſſe, *Antipodes*; *Fowleneſſe*, Oppoſite:
Mindes ioye, *Ioyes* bliſſe, and *Bleſſes* blandiſhment:
Landes Crowne, *Crownes* pompe, and *Pompes* beſt ornament:
Kynnes of *Darkneſſe*, lightly turning it.
Deathes death, *Lifes* life, and life of *Lifes*, liues *Life*
Eyes eye *Wittes* eye, *Soules* eye Eye of all Eyes:
Fames pride, *Prides* foile, yet *Foiles* doth ſcandalize,
Gods glory, *Glories* God, and ſtay of ſtriue!
This is obſcure, and yet ſo extreame Light,
Mans Summum bonum, and Gods Soules delight.

(34)

TO Liue alone, alone is not to liue,
To die alone, alone is not to die:
For, Death is Life to ſuch a liueleſſe one
That liues alone, and loches all Company.
Who liues alone, alone doth lyuing Die,
Who dies alone, alone doth dying liue:
For, *Life* gaue life for ſweet Societie,
And Death, for Life, and Life, for Death did giue.
Earth's not alone, for, *Earthlings* creepe vpon it:
And *Water's* not alone, for *Fiſh* liue in it:
Ayre's not alone, for *Spirits* liue in, not on it:
And, *Crickets* Liue with *Fire*, as all haue ſeene it:
Since theſe are all, from whence all Creatures ſpring,
Who Liues alone, liues not like any Thinge!

(37)

THen leaſt alone, when I am moſt alone,
Quoth one that leaſt, loud moſt Mens Company:
But what was hee? a Ruler; ſuch a one
Oft liues alone to keepe Societie.
For, Kings (whoſe cares are how from cares to keepe
Their Subiects liues in Liues Communion.)
Oft liue alone, and wake when found they ſleepe,
That he with them may ſleep when theirs is gon.
But priuate Men, if they too priuate bee,
Are moſt iniurious to mens *publike good*;
And who are ſuch, liue paſt all kind of Care:
So liu'd not Hee, that for *Vs* ſpent his bloud:
If hee (Kind *Lord*) had lou'd to liue alone
Hee had not died, and wee had liu'd vnknowne.

(38)

MAriha, and *Mary* (two of his belou'd
That was the Sonne of *Mary*, mother Maide)
Choſe diffrent liues (by *Grace*, and *Nature* mou'd)
Contemplative, and *Active* (as 'tis ſaid)
Mary, the firſt, the laſt, did *Martha* choole:
The firſt, preferred 'fore before the laſt.
By Him, for whome ſhe did the laſt refuſe
Through whom ſhe was, therfore, with *glory* grac't.
If glorified ſhe were, then not obſcure:
And if with Him ſhee were, then not alone:
Alone ſhe was with Him, vpon whoſe powre
All Creatures reſt, yet Him hee reſts all one.
But ſuch a one, as euery One attends
Who liues alone then, liues not like his *Friends*.

(37)

I cannot say but *Beauty* is a *Guift*:
But, to fewe giuen that haue other *grace*:
For, if the *Minde* aboue it selfe doth lift
Although the *Minde* and *Body* bee but base.
Beauty is bright, then, then tis light lightly
And if too bright, too light, too oft, it is:
Yet tis the Signe where *Grace* doth vse to lie.
But, if thrust out, the Inne is most amisse.
And most amisse, to misse what most adornes,
And hath but meerely stained-painted Walls:
Which *Vice* doth honour much: but *Vertue* scornes:
Sith It, to Vice, from *grace*, and *Vertue* falls:
Then *Beauty* if thou bee not *Graces Inne*,
Grace, suing to thee, sueth but to *Sinne*.

(38)

YEt what a precious *Pearle*, in *Worlds* account,
(*Pearle* in the *Worldes* Eyes, that doth blinde those Eyes)
Fraile *Beautie* is, appeares by *Beauties* woont,
That Coulors now hir faults with Forgeries.
Did euer *Sunne* (bright Eye of Heau'n!) yet see
Complexions in our Streets set (Cried) to sale
Before these *Times* made them so vtter'd bee,
Which makes chast *thoughts* good cheape, as being stale?
If euer, neuer was there such a *Sunne*
Vnlesse the *Deluge*, (springing) saw the same:
If then they coulored, twas by it ore'runne,
To better it, because it was too blame:
Those *Waters* varnisht it, and made it cleane,
So wisht I varnisht euerie painted (

But

(39)

BVt mad, or desprate Muse what meanst thou thus
To touch this Goulding with this hard Touch,
Sith that thou knowst some, somwhat vertuous,
Do vse to Colour somwhat more then much?
Some, good, as great (but neither great, nor good:
For, Greatnesse scornes hir goodnesse so to blot)
Do make their bloud dissemble with their bloud:
Which (for a Colour) seems what it is not.
Still worse, worse, cease, cease foole-hardy Muse,
Thou art too bitter so such Sweets to grieue:
Thinkst thou that those, which thou dost so abuse,
Will euer grace thee, much lesse thee relieue?
But, ô did all as thou dost, they should reft
Rewards vnto themselues, and please the best.

(40)

LAte in a Lodging, where I vs'd to lie,
A Picture, pine't hung therein, in my wake:
Which, one way, had a faire Maides Phisnomy:
The other way, an Apes, which seem'd to take
So, that Face had two Faces, in one Hood:
A faire Maides, and an Apes: which seem'd to me
The Painter was not mad, in mirry-mood:
That, vnder mirth, hid graue morality:
For, to my Thoughts (that may with his agree)
He seem'd to touch our Apish painted Dames,
Who counterfet the Beauty, which they see,
And make the Boords, their faces: to their shames:
But, Wainscot Faces cannot blush, a whit,
But when they lay on Red, which seemeth It.

Sweet

(41)

SWeet Beauty beare this bitterest abuse:
If thou abuse thy selfe, why should not he?
Of whom thou hast, in this Tract, made good vse
(In gaudiest Colours) by our painting Thee.
Thou canst not hurt me more then by thy Looks
Then thy good Looks I need not much to waigh:
My sight thy Back, then Forepart better brooks:
Then, when thou seest me turne some other way:
Vnto mine Eyes thou art a Cockatrice,
Who dost infuse, through them, into my Hart,
The vertue of thy powr, which doth (like *Vice*)
Wholy confound my single-double Part:
Then, if thou wilt damne me for myne offence
Look well on me, to plague my Soule, and Sence.

(42)

SIth Good thou lou'st (ô God, Goods only Drift!
Why giu'st thou me a Mind which Ills depraue?
If Grace I cannot haue, without thy guift,
Why plagu'st thou me for that I cannot haue?
Can my powr make thy Powr obedient be,
(Myne being so fraile, and Thine so infinite)
That, maugre thine, I might wrest Grace from Thee,
And, with strong hand, to rend from Thee thy Sprite?
O no! it cannot: but, its in my powr
To sin, and so, to thrust thy Spirite from myne:
Then, ô thou Fount of goodnesse, on me powr
(What's farre aboue my reache) that Spirit of Thine:
If not, I can but feare, that can but fall:
So, can despaire, but cannot do withall.

this Sorrow

(43)

SOrrow, the Salue, and sore of deadly Sin,
Sifter of mercy, Mother of Remorce,
Who by thy being lost, dost Being win:
And, through thy strengthes decay, augmentst thy force,
Who, while thou hurt'st, thou healst (together both)
So, takst away thy Beeing, with thy Beeing,
Who loath'st to loue, because thou lou'st to loath,
That which doth giue thee sight, or blinds thy seeing:
O thou sweet-Sowr-sowr sweet, (each way too true)
Sweeten, that Sowr that sowrest death doth seek:
Make sweet, sowr Sin, by making Death (his due)
Dy, sith I liue, by Sin, made truly meek:
For, when-as Ill, by Grace, makes good our Mood,
Grace lets Ill Bee, that so, it may be good!

(44)

TRue loue is Charity be gun to Be,
Which Is, when Loue begunneth to be true:
But, to the high'st growes louing-Charity
When she the High'st alone doth loue to view.
O Charity! that euermore dost flame
In that dread Maiesties eternall Breast,
When, by thy heate, that my Loue lose his name,
And made to flame, like Thee, in restlesse rest?
Well featur'd Flesh too base a Subiect is
For Sou'raign Loues diuine, ay-blest, imbrace:
The Loue of Flesh loues nought but flesh, but this
Loues nought that sauors of a thing so base:
Then, be the Priest, and as an Host, Ile dy
Offerd to Heau'n in flames of Charity.

Sith

(45)

Sith Truth it ſelfe cals this life ſowr, as vaine,
What is leſſe ſenſible then Sence, that deemes
It Sweet, ſith ſo to ſenſual Sence it ſeems,
Which not a thought in one ſtate doth remaine.
I ſee it ſuch, with Obſeruations Eyes
That ey the inſide of all outward Showes;
Which cleerly ſhowes, Life ebs the more it flowes,
And when it longſt hath lyued ſooneſt dyes.
A King this Moment, that Kings adorate,
The next, a Corſe, Slaues loath to look vpon:
Then, was he King but in opinion,
Which alters with the altring of his ſtate;
O then ſith Life is but a dreame of breath,
In this life's Dream Ile nought but dream of deth.

(46)

THe Seas vnfit to ſaile on, it too calme:
As it is when it is too turbulent:
Then, the meane motion ſets it ſo a walme
As doth the Sailors Eare, and Eye content:
So, neither too calme, nor too rough a Mind
Giues Vertue VVay whoſe waies are in the Mean:
In Loue, if Paſſion do not Reaſon bind
Their Action to the Clouds commends the ſcean
Hatred, and Ire makes way, (and Lets putback)
For Iuſtice, and for Proweſſe t'act their Parts:
Courage is cold, and Iuſtice is but ſlack
If Ire and Hatred did not ſtir their Harts,
Then, ſith Loues paſſion, may with Reaſon hold
Good reaſon we ſhould loue as Reaſon would.

(47)

IF Nature cannot make Desire to cease
In Compasse of the Meane, let *Grace* thy Guest
Giue head, where Excesse is the meane to peace,
And the Extreame the midst of endlesse rest.
For, Grace hath Passion giu'n for Natures aide
VVhile they in Vertues Compasse walke the Round:
And moue to Goodnesse when themselues are staid:
But otherwise, they do their Stay confound:
For, as excesse of Vertue is but Vice,
And, too much of the best, becomes the worst:
So, extream Passion doth much preiudice
And make them who haue most, the most accurst.
Then if thou wouldst be passionate, and blest
Passion must stir thee, but in peace, to rest.

(48)

TO draw such Lines as will not hold the straine
(If they be stretcht vpon the Rack of Wit)
Is labour no lesse vilifide, then vaine:
And, for Times grac'd by finding fault, vnfit:
But, such to twist vpon the Wheele of Thought,
As may hold stretching though all Racks them straine,
Do grace their VVorker sith they are well-wrought,
And drawne of matter that drawes out the Braine.
Such Lines will reach, if to the vtmost streind,
Aboue Delight, short of *Saciety*:
And are so strong that Enuy is constrayned
To say the'l hould beyond hir pow'r to trie:
For, when the Sunne doth in our Zenith light
He makes no Shade his Beames descend so right.

An amorous Colloqui twixt Dorus, and Pamela.

IN a Garden rich of Flowres
Walld with Baies, and Hawthorn Towres,
In a Towre the reſt forſaking,
Wo kept *Philomela* waking.

Here heard *Dorus* and his Saint
This Birds muſicall Complaint:
VVhile they harkned to her ſinging
Their hands were each other wringing.

When their Eares were cloid to heare
Notes that neuer cloſe the Eare:
Sith Hands, Harts did ſo diſcouer,
Dorus thus did Woo his Louer.

Sweet you ſee, and feeling ſee,
How our Hands, and Harts agree
And ſith Hands, and Harts conſpier,
Let vs likewiſe in Defier.

Time, and Place vs both do woo,
To do that we needs muſt do,
If we will be linkt for euer
VVith the Knot that none can ſeuer.

Time, once paſt, returneth nott:
Place, once loſt, is hardly got.
Then ſith both attend our Pleaſure,
Let vs waite vpon their leiſure.

Think not Luſt corrupts my loue,
Though effects of both I proue
Sith that Luſt, alone, ſeems acting
Where Loue, only, is Compacting.

This Coniunction I desire
Not to quench vnhallowed fire,
But sith I would onely owe thee,
I, in loue alone, would know thee.

Of himselfe Loue iealous is,
Lest he should in duty misse,
Sith it is his bounden duty
To do seruice still to Beauty.

Bound, nay treble bound I am,
By thy Beauty, Grace, and Fame,
That no Right should be neglected
Due to one so much affected!

Sith Loue can no better doo,
Then to make still One, of Two:
That Loue, Loue is best acquiting
That comes neerest to vniting.

My Soule from my Lips would flie,
And, of Thine to Thine would hie,
That their Powres they might be mixing
In desire of faster fixing.

Sith our Soules (through Loues desire)
Labour thus to be intire,
O then let our Bodies being
Make one Essence, through agreeing.

So to be, is to be One:
Which is by Coniunction:
One in Spirit, and Flesh, and either
Made by Coupling fast together.

This I long for, but not long
That this should thy Vertue wrong:
Sith its vertue in affection,
That desires to make Connexion.

When desire hath had his will

Thou ſhalt be what thou art ſtill:
Myne owne life whoſe fame I tender,
More then what my life can render.

My Loue's Loue, whoſe Obiect is
Vertues beauty, Beauties bliſſe;
Here made poore, for Fleſhes pleaſure,
Sith her Meanes are without meaſure!

Loue it ſelfe it ſelfe doth hate
Till it be incorporate
With his deere beloued Obiect,
Raigning in It, to It ſubiect.

O then, Deere (more deere to me
Then my lifes felicity)
Yeeld, ô yeeld, without gainesaying
Sith that Danger's in delaying.

This he ſaid, and ſaying ſtraue
To enioy what he would haue:
Warrd with Fire, and Sword of Louers
While hir Forces he diſcouers.

Forces put in Beauties hand,
Which rare Vertues did command:
Wherewith She him ſo reſtrayned
As the fight grew more vnfained.

Loth ſhe was to put him back,
But more lothd hir Honors wrack;
Thus while Reſolution houerd,
Reſolution He diſcouerd

Spare, ô ſpare my deereſt Deere
(Quoth ſhe to him (Victor neere)
Let me die ere liue depoſed
Of my Truſt in Thee repoſed.

Thee my Loue doth ſo obay
That is hates to ſay thee nay.

Did not Vertue, bid myne Honor
Charge my loue to waite vpon hir,

Tis no ſcruple loue doth make
That thou ſhouldſt ſuch Tribute take;
Sith thou art my loues true owner,
But I feare the foile of Honor.

Sweet, deere Sweete, let be let be:
VVrong not Right thou haſt in mee:
O forbeare vnciuill action,
Which procureth ciuil faction.

If the beſt bloud of my Harte
VVould but eaſe thy eaſieſt ſmart,
I proteſt I would effuſe it,
That thou mightſt, at pleaſure, vſe it.

Can my Dorus feele annoy
And Pamela eaſe enioy?
No, the ſmarte of thy leaſt finger
Galls my Soule lik Conſcienee ſtinger

Arte thou Rackt? thy Rack conſtraines
The convulſion of my vaines:
Wherein flovves the Sanguine Humor
That frō thee ſhould vvaſh fovvle Rumor.

Loue me (Sweet) but loue me ſo
That me, faultleſſe, thou maiſt kno
So to know me, is to know mee
Worth the loue which thou doſt ow me.

My Hart ſhrines thy louing Hart,
Still in me thou bideing art:
Do not then polute thy Temple
With the filth of fowle Example.

Thou ſhalt haue me how thou wilt
When ſuch Hauing Hath no guilt:
But if now I ſhould yeeld to thee,

I ſhould

I should feare I should vndo mee.

Sith I should seem most obscene
In thy Soules Eye pure, and cleane:
If not, I should ban my Folly
To loue such a soule vnholy.

Do what ere thou wilt with me,
So thou make me meet for Thee:
Thou art good, none can mistake Thee
(Being Noble) good, then, make me.

Ile be Thine while good I am,
Neuer Thine with euill name:
Let me glory but in glory
Brightning our Affections Story.

Yet (deere Sweet) these Lips of mine
Shall still Labour more then thine
VVith sweet VVords and sweeter Kisses
To misse no ioy but Amisses.

I will melt with feruor free,
And infuse my selfe in thee,
That thou shalt possesse me wholy,
So thou wilt possesse me holy.

I, perhaps do wish that done
VVhich in Loue, we haue begun:
(Blameleſſe) so to blesse thy Fortune
VVith what, now, thou dost importune.

But, till then (as Reason would)
Hold thou all that I do hold,
Thou shalt haue all (laid shee weeping)
But what is in Honors keeping.

O then, Sweet, perswaded be
Witnesse be my Teares with me
How loath I am to displease thee,
If with honor, I could please Thee.

Hereupon in *Dorus* Eyes
Teares of ioy, and griefe did riſe,
And while words were iſſue ſeeking,
Hands, hard wroug, expreſt their ſpeking.

Yet at laſt, when Paſſion had
Ceaſt, in being VVoe, and glad,
Loſing *Dorus* his Tongue tried
To vnfold what it denied.

While (quoth he) *Pamela* deere
I thy charming Reaſons heare
I am ſo inchanted by them
As I want will to deny them.

But let me, ô let me take
The deere offer thou didſt make
VVhich was, harmleſſe kindeſt kiſſing
Sith it is my greateſt bliſſing.

Herewith he her Body clips
Sucking Sucket from her Lips,
Twixt whoſe ſucking all his Speaches
Were as ſweet, as full of breaches.

Though quoth he (and then he kiſt)
Sweet, I ſhould (and then he miſt
Of what he was then in ſpeaking
Kiſſes ſtill his Speaches breaking)

Though, I ſay (ſaid he) yet then
Lips ſore Tongue, and VVit did ren)
My Lips nere ſhould ceaſſe to kiſſe thee
My Lips nere ſhold too much bliſſe thee.

Should I life, and breath conſume
In thy bliſſfull Breaths perfume
I could neuer too much loue Thee
Sith, as good as kind I proue thee.

For, as in a Glaſſe, I ſee

What I ought to be, In thee:
Sith thou dost my faults Discouer
Making me A perfect Louer.

I will loue thee as I should
That is, so as Reason would:
Reason would such diuine Graces
Should be loud with chaft Embraces.

Come, the Rector of my Soule,
Which Commands by thy Controule
Who haft giun hir Reason power
Ore sweet Sin, and Passion lower.

Come then (Sweet) let vs fly hence
Walke in Loues Circumference,
Till we may (within the Center)
Do these Rights without aduenter.

The picture of Formosity.

WHO would my LOVES diuine Idea see
(So to diuine his humane fantasie)
Looke in these Lines which her delineate
And see an heauuly Forme in earthly state!
Hir Haire, Golds Quintessence, ten times refind,
(In substance far more subtill then the Wind)
Doth Glorifie that Heauns Diuersity
(Hir Head) where Wit doth raigne inuincibly.
Her Front's the Field wherein, in loue, contends
True Grace and Grauity for gracefull Ends;
Whose doubtfull Conflict giues vndoubted grace
To Loues extreamst Horizon, hir sweet face.
On the declyning of this vpper Plaine
(Where Modesty in Maiesty doth raigne)
An heauuly Hemisphеare ore Canopies
Two Sunnes, the Lights of earthly Paradise:
Who, with the force of their faire influence,
Delight Mens inward, light their outward sense.
In which faire Mirrors all Eyes loue to prie,
Sith there themselues they glad and glorifie.
Hir Cheekes! Lyllies, and Roses are too fowle
For Similies, expresse true Beauties Soule:
For, there that Soule imparadized lies
Like Grace, alone, that made it ioy of Eyes!
Two Dimples, like two Whirlepits, there appeare,
More beauty to deuoure then Flesh can beare!
Hir Nose, the Gnomon of Loues Diall bright,
Doth, by those Sunnes, still shadow out that light
That makes Times longest howres, but Moments seeme:
For Months but Minuts Senses, ioyd, esteeme.
Hir Lips! blush Cherries, Currall, Rubies blush:
For your Prim's far inferior to their Flush:
Theil gaine the Prize if you, with Them, contend,

Whose

Whose Beauty's more then Hues can comprehend!
Hir Teeth, A Row of rareſt Margarites,
Impale a Tongue that giue all Tongues their Rights;
From whom their Dialect deriues ſuch grace, *Teeth.*
As Eares it drawes with it from place to place: *Tongue.*
VVho, when ſhe liſts (with Balme-breaths Ambroſie)
Shee it enaires in Proſe, or Poëſy;
That flow ſo boldly from her fluent Tongue
As if they could not, though they would, go wrong.
But ô her Voice! ô fie I wrong the ſame,
To call much more, no more but by that name; *Voice.*
But, briefly thus; It is That of theſe Quires
That wonder rap diuine, and humanes Eares!
VVhich when ſhe tunes to Siluer-ſounding ſtrings,
Hir voice much more then Siluer-ſounding rings;
So that though ſhe thereto her Voice doth fit
Yet ſweeteſt Strings ſhe makes but foiles to it.
Hir Chin (where GRACE hir glory brings about) *Chin.*
Is like a Promontory iutting out *Neck.*
Into a Sea of Sweets, hir Neck, and Breſt, *Breſt.*
Where Beauties* Billowes reſt ſtill in vnreſt? *Pap.*
Whoſe ſeemly Swellings bearing on this Point
Doth Beauties Deluge ſeem to diſappoint:
So, BEAVTY ſits in Dimple of this Chin
To ouerſee the Sweets this Sea within:
Who can but touch this Cape (Cape of good Hope)
The way from thence, to Pleaſure lieth ope,
Which lieth on hir Lips, which if Lips touche
Pleaſure her ſelfe will at that pleaſure gruche.
Fall from theſe Eaues of BEVTYES heaunly houſe
(Where Grace, and Nature are miraculous)
Along the Chriſtall* Columne that it ſtaies, *Neck.
Then Mount my Muſe and fly ore Pleaſures* Seas *Breſt.
Into Deſires delicious Continent,
Where Loues Deſire liues, couertly, content: *Belly.
Hir Belly bounds the life of Loues deſire,
With all the Comforts, that it can require:
There is the Milky waie that doth direct
To Loues hid Court, the Court of LOVES Elect.
Is is th' Olimpus where Senſe-pleaſing ſweetes
In actiue games to ſtrine for glory meete:

Vpon the Toppe whereof *Ioues* Alter lies,
Where zealous Thoughts their Children sacrifize
In flames of lawfull Lust, to Lawlesse LOVE,
Where they, with ioy, sweete Martirdomes do proue!
Iust at the foote of this my Muses Mount,
There lies, but what! that doth my Muse surmount.
T'expresse It as It is, without offence,
Such is this Secrets vnknowne Excellence!
But, at *Olimpus* Foote runns *Helicon*;
Then thinke what makes good my Comparison
(With purest Thought) and so perhappes yee shall
Neere gesse from whence Loues *Helicon* doth fall,
Hir Thighes, bee snowy Standards, gracefully great,
Which are (strange Paradox) congeal'd with Heate!
Whose Bases, lifted vpwards, hold on hie
That Mount, and Fount of Earthes felicitie;
And, growing downwardes, small, or Taper-wise,
Two Pirameds, reuersed, make hir Thighes.
VVhose Pointes, depending on a Bony Bowle,
With motion meete them to, and fro doth rowle.
The Base of which Boowles doth make the Knees
From whence Loues lightest Muses take their eeze
To leape into those Seas, which Cares destroy,
Where to be drown'd is to be drunke with ioy.
Those well compacted Knees (vnknowne to all
Saue knowne by measures Geometricall)
Are Beauties Hinges: which each Legge, and Thighe
VVith nimble-welmade ioynts togeather tye.
So, that faire Frame which on these Hinges playes
Doth, by a Consequent, implie their praise.
Then, from hir Knees slide downe hir Legges alonge
(Dull Muse, that dost hir Partes perfection wronge)
And right them in Discription of this Parte
VVhich, in a worde, surmounts Discriptions Arte)
Vnto hir Foote, Perfections Pedestall,
No more, nor lesse then keepes hir Corpes from fall,
VVhich, for the quaint proportion, doth perfect
It rather is imagined, then made!
Now, from hir Heele, to Head, climbe back my Muse
Alonge hir Back-Parts and those Paths peruse
VVith forwards-backwardnesse, because they are

More Common to hir Kind though no leſſe rare:
Hir Butt, but ô! quick VVitt lend me a Worde
That fairely may that Part a name afforde
Fitt for the faireneſſe of hir fowleſt Parte,
But thinke what tis to ſpare new words of Arte:
To call them *Hanches* were but to prophane
Their names that are for Globes Celeſtiall tane:
For, they are ſo compoſd by Natures Skill
That *Agent*, mixt with Azure, them do fill!
But, leaue theſe Partes (leſt partlie ſome perceaue
That I am lothe theſe pleaſant Partes to leaue)
And ſcale Beauties * Meridian which doth lie
Vpon theis Chriſtall Heauns pluralitie.
There Lock the * Side-raile of this totall Frame
VVithin a * Propp, that vpright holds the ſame:
And, for that Propp of many ioyntes conſiſts
It ſeemely ſtands or bowes which way ſhee liſts.
She bows to all, yet none can make hir bowe;
For, with the high, ſhees high, and low, with lowe.
VVhoſe Back beares witneſſe that hir Breſt is ſuch
That ſtifly ſtands, or bows, ſtill more then much!
A Trench, wiſe Nature, in the ſame hath Cute
Where all the hotteſt Shot of Loue are ſhutt,
That can ore come what ere their force withſtand
And, though by Loue commaunded, Loue Cõmand.
Vpon the Marg'ns of this Trench do he
(That flow lie, by degrees, mount meanely highe)
Beauties faire Walkes, or Daizie-couerd Downes
Whereto She flies, for ſolace, when She frownes:
And all alonge downe to the Poſterne Gate
Where Nature thruſts out that which ſhee doth hate;
Beauties do runne at Bace, and kindlie ſtriue
Each other Priſners for ſweete Beauties ſake!
Hir Shoulders, broade; whereto hir *Armes* are knitt,
Within whoſe Circuit Ioy doth ſadly ſitt:
Becauſe, that Ioy ſhee will impart to none
But vnto Fames Superlatiues alone!
Along thoſe *Armes* (like *Armes* of Sea, and Brooks)
Rũne the blew Vaines, with many branching Crooks;
VVhich, in a Soile, with Milk cleane ouerflowne,
Do darkly make thoſe Riuers Channells knowne.

Buttocks.

hir backe Ribbs. Rigbones.

The bellows of the back bone

The outward bellounes of the back.

Shoulders

Armes. Vaines.

But

But ô hir Hand! (which my Muſe Captive holds
And drownes hir in drie-mouſture in the Folds)
Is a meere Laborinth of Faries, farre ſought,
That yeelds no commiug out t'a wandring Thought.
That Hand, in faire Hands, can ſo ſhow hir mynd,
That in that ſhow Witt may Witts Subſtance finde:
And handles ſo eache praiſed Inſtrument,
As Shee of them had ſupreame gouerment.
What ſhould I ſpeake of other Qualities
Done by that Hand (the Hand of Sciences!)
Sith no Skill that doth Greatneſſe glorifie,
But hir Hand can, their rareneſſe, rarifie!
The Tables of thoſe Hands LOVES Tables are;
Hir fingers are the Points, both whiteſt Ware:
Whoſe Sides are edged with the ſweeteſt Aire,
So to diſtinguiſh them, more ſweete, pure, faire!
Here LOVE at Tick-tack plaies, or at Queene-games;
But, if ſhe hates, for hauing Trickes too blame:
Here Hee caſts Doublets, Double Points to take,
(The Hart, and Hand) both which an end do make
Of all LOVES Games, ſaue when the Vies are paid
Hee playeth with the Prize, for which he plaide.
But to paint out hir Part theſe Parts within
I might much more then Zeuxis glorie winne:
But, as he drew a Vaile vpon that Parte,
Hee could not ſhow by Coulors, nor by Arte,
So muſt I do, and ſay, nay ſweare, it is
Vertue Contracted, to abſtracted Bliſſe!
For, all hir Parts are the true Properties
Of diuine Grace, and Princlie Qualities!
O Dull Inuention how doſt thou abuſe
This Queene of Beauty Subiect of my Muſe!
For that too baſe is eache Compariſon,
Arte yeelds too blaz on Natures Paragon.
Then, ô Inuention make my Muſe confeſſe
Shee's more then Arte, and Nature can expreſſe.
So, not as I began, my Songe I ende,
My LOVES Idea none can comprehende.

In Loue is no Lothſomnes.



IF but no more then baſe Bum-fiddling
Reſpected were in Loues delicious Sceane,
Then, at the Cloſe, ſuch irkſome piddling
Would make the Acte as odious, as obſcene:
For, might my Muſe, with modeſtie, demaund
VVhat pleaſure takes fraile Senſe in? In's ynough,
To point at That which all do vnderſtand
A ſport, if ſport it bee, as rude, as rough.
And what feeles Fleſh, but Fleſhe? and what is that
(Though made in height of Natures Arte, and pride)
But Dunge, and Duſt* (bee it or leane, or fatt)
And who to fall to ſuch Filth can abide?
But ſay that Mother Nature doth procure
(For procretions ſake) hir fleſhly Broode
To ioyne together in this Acte impure,
Yet is it leſſe leſſe graceſull, then its good:
For, did not *Adams* Aples iuyce infect
Our perfectſt bloud in being ming'd with it,
VVee ſhould not this affect, nor ſcorſe effect,
As beeing, for pure Saints Edenizd, vnfitt.
Then ſhould no ioy-pain'd tickling of the Senſe
(Like that of Arme-pitts, payning vs with pleaſure)
Haue drownd our Feeling with the Confluence
Of luſtfull pleaſures flouds, ſunck in Diſpleaſure.
VVee ſhould not then lie ſoaking in Shames *Soile,
And melting in lasciuious Extaſie;
Nor ſhould, with heat of Luſt, our Liuers boile
Till our life-bloud bee quite drid vp thereby.
Nor ſhould the Marrow-Malady, conſume
That Oile of life that makes vs ſtrong, and freſhe;
Nor ſhould wee needе our Garments to parfume
To cloke the ſtinck of our ſtill-rotting Fleſhe.
No, Loue hath in it vertue more Diuine,
And the Beloued more Cauſe of deere delight!

To ſtire vp throughly the ſtincking puddle of the ſilthie manners of vvittons, it would turne vp the ſtomackes of the honeſt and chaſt beavers through the hateſull & villanous ſound they of Pithe.

VVhere

Where Vertue sits enthrond in Beauties Shine,
To make each other's splendor double vigne.
There Modesty to Maiesty is knit,
And *Venus Dian* Claspes, with chast embrace
There stayed Wisedom's matcht to nimble Wit;
And Nature Chequers vp all gifts of Grace!
Now, in such Confluence of Diuine graces
(That do beheaun the Hart, enerance the Mind)
How can base flesh, once mind fleshly embraces
When fleshly Motions these stayd Vertues bynd,
VVere Flesh perswaded that an Angell were
In Womans Forme within hir Couernute
Could she, desire to know a Thing so cleere
With other knowledge then diuine, and pure?
No no, she could not though she were inflamd
With Fire that kindled Zodoms hellish fire;
She could not, no, though she sought to be damd
(Through hir desires) so damd a deed desire!
No more can Love, haue mind of hatefull Lust,
When as hir Obiect is Angelicall;
But then it doth embrace (as needs it must)
That Obiect with Armes supernaturall:
This is the highest Heaun of humane Love,
Which none but diuine Creatures seeke to proue!

Essaies vpon certaine Sentences.

Amans quid cupiat scit, quod sapiat non videt.

WOuldst thou (wise Husband) haue thy mariage Bed
(Without Saciety, to glut Desire?
Then Thou, and It must oft be sundered,
VVith Loue, and leaue to make Loue more intire:
For, no ioy vnder *Heauen*, but satiates;
The more it is, the lesse while it endures:
And, the lesse vs'd, the more it consolates;
The truth whereof, too well-knowne proofe assures.
Too much of what so ere, produced by Nature,
Makes Nature too too much disordered:
Too much of *Venus* lessens strength and stature;
In the Ingendrers and Ingendered.
And Fire, and Flax must flame, if they do touch,
And Men, and Women ioyne that (bare) embrace:
Who then do seldome part before *too much*
Their deerest Embraecements doth too much debase.
To wed a wife, and not to Bed her too
VVere too vnkind a part for Grooms to play:
To woo, and not vse that for which we woo
Were Faith, and Hope, through strange Loue, to betray
But yet to Bed hir, and to Lie still by her
Is more vnkindly done then not to Bed hir:
And better were it, for Thee, quite to fly hir
Then not to vse hir well, when thou hast wed hir.
And well thou dost not vse hir, she may deeme,
If well thou dost not then thy selfe approue:
And though of Action she may careless seeme,
Yet may she fear thy slouth is sin in loue.
Then must Temptation on thy weakneſſe work
If still thou Bed, or rarely Bed thy Wife:
In each of which, Temptation still doth lurke;
And all Temptation tendeth but to Strife.

Solon the excellent Lavv-giuer would haue men keepe cõpany vvith their vvines in bed but thrice a moneth. that like as Cities & States vse after a certaine time be-tvveene to renevv their leagues, & confederacies one vvith another: So hee vvould haue loue to procure the man to be a continuall vvoer to the vvife to keepe avvay the Monster Saciety.

Or Then

Then they, from ſtrife, are free, that can, and will
In marriage Duties vſe the Golden Meane:
For ſo their Loue is without Meaſure ſtill,
And Soules, and Bodies are as ſtronge, as cleane!
But, all that married are haue not the Guift
So to Deuide themſelues, ſith Bedds ſome haue
But for them ſelues (poore Soules) wherewith they ſhift)
Who, being One, haue Two, but on's their Graue,
In reaſon theſe ſhould be togeather thruſt,
Sith they are onely rich in cold Deſire,
Who lie togeather more for heate, then Luſt,
Heate, that comes only from Afflictions fire.
Fleſhe theſe do touch, as oft as Fleſhe they taſt,
That's ſeld [God wott] ſo Fleſh, and they are Two:
A bleſſed odds that makes the Striuers chaſt,
And makes them liue well, though it them vndoo.
Now, if this Lore diſlikes ſome youthfull Blouds
That ſtill do boyle with heate of Loue, or Luſt,
[Which muſt bee coold (ſtill) in Luſts running Floudds,]
Then muſt they do, perforce, what needs they muſt.
Yet let them know, to know each other ſo
Both Grace, and Nature thereby takes offence,
A man may make his Wife, well, lett that go,
The name of Whore fitts not Obedience.
But Marriage is by Heau'n, authorized,
Sith, by the Heau'n-wright, wrought in Paradice:
Then, who defiles Hir vndefiled Bedd,
Makes hir not vertuous, but a Vaile for Vice.
And Ouer-much, doth ouer much Defile
That bleſſed Bedd, which Grace doth purifie:
Then lett not Sinne oremuch it ſelfe beguile
To think that Bedd, *ſo much* doth ſanctifie.
And if that any man a wife hath gott
That lookes but for *ſo much*, accurſt is Hee:
And Wiues that haue, like Husbands, to their Lott,
Are like vecurſt, ſo, both accurſed bee.
The one, by Heau'n, accurſt, by Happ, the other;
So, both are curſt, though in a diuorſe Kinde.
But, bleſſed Father, and a bleſſed Mother
Thoſe curſt, by Happ, may make, if bleſt in mind.
Then, if wee ought, before a Friend we chooſe,

To eare much Salt with him, him all to taſt
Wee neede to eate ten times as much with thoſe
Whoſe All wee make our All vntill our laſt:
For in that Match our ſelues wee make or marre;
Then had wee neede to leaue, before wee take:
That's leaue our Choiſe, by chooſing better farre:
Then, leaue our life, ere faith, or Choiſe forſake.
Now, you that yet are free, muſt needs bee bound,
To him that hath thus freed you (ere this Tye)
From caſting Anchor where you may bee drownd
In Seas of Luſt, and waues of Miſerie.
Bee ſure of Sea-roome ere theſe Surges ſwell,
That may lie hidd in deep'ſt profunditie:
Keepe well that Compaſſe that may guide you well,
In miſts of Loue to cleere Felicitie.
The faireſt Face hath not ſtill faireſt grace;
Nor yet the Black, in ſhow, ſtill black in Deede:
Who oft are bright in Mind, though black in Face.
And oft the faireſt Flowers beare blackeſt Seede.
Then leſt faire Coulor, coulor fowleſt Vice
Iudge thou of Coulors by cleere Iudgments Eye:
If Coulor ſhould to death thy life entice,
Die, without Coulor, ere for Coulor die:
So ſhalt thou liue (and neuer coulor dying
Which ſhow of life) thy life ſtill glorifying!

Be not ielous, ouer the wife of thy bozome, neither teach hir by thy meanes an euill Leſſon Eccluſ. 9. 1.

YOu that do chooſe your Wiues as ſometimes I
Haue choſen Knaues: That is, for Beauties ſake,
And in your Choiſe mind but Carnalitie:
You make a Match to marre, and marre, to make.
Yee marre your ſelues by making ſuch a Match:
Yet marre your ſelues, to make your ſelues but Beaſts;
Then, in your turning Beaſts, oft Hornes yee catch,
Which the Head beares, how ere the Hart diſgeſts.

For, if you needs will VViue for VVantonneſſe
Then needs you muſt haue VVantons to your VViues:
And if your ſelues ſo well loue Luſts exceſſe
Its fitt They loue what you loue as their liues.
But were they good by Kinde, their Kinde you change,
And make them ouerkinde. ſo, ouermought.
You learne them ſtrange Tricks, and they teach as ſtrange
To others, that do learne but what you taught.
Therein (like good Wiues) they divulge your Skill
Becauſe you ſhould bee knowne to be good Dopers:
Then blame them not ſith they, for meere good-will,
Do ſhow their Huſbands Conning to their Wooers.
Nor, will they take to teach, but giue, to learne
Some other Tricks of others, ſkild therein:
Wherewith to pleaſe their Husbands, and to earne
Their Liuing if neede bee, for Slouth is ſinne.
Theſe Good-ones are made ſo, by teachers ill
(Too good at all things that are good for nought)
If their meanes fail; yet can thee liue by Skill,
Which being Light ſhall lightly well be wrought.
But ô fraile Fleſhlings, Huſbands, Hard-heads, Bawdes,
Note but the end of your laciuious Match:
Your Wiues gett, Emralds, Rubies, and ſuch Gawdes,
Which you, of them, and they, of others, catch;
Shame, and Confuſion (with a Pox) Diſioynes
Your damn'd Conjunction, which doth quite deuide
From Heau'n, your Soules, from Health, your lothſome Loynes,
To teach eache Groome to chooſe a better Bride:
For, who ſo euer drownes his Spirit in Fleſhe
VVhen hee doth handle Fleſh, to ſtir his gripe;
Shall ſerued bee with Trickes ſtill freſh, and freſhe
Vntill he ſtinck, as ſtale, or rotten-ripe,
And in thy Choiſe, thy Choiſe to handle ſo
Thou maiſt ſo well be ſeru'd, and ſerued well
Thou art, by hir, which thou didſt Loue, to kno,
Not know, to loue, or loue, as knowen well.
I ſpeake not of the Bralls, and Diſcourſes
(That Ielouſie, which ſtill doth luſt beſett,
Doth breede, twixt them, through their miſgouernments)
Though they Want not, That is, they want them not.
Then lett thy Miſtris bee what ſhe ſhall pelſed

[Though Luſt loues not to ſerue beſt Miſtriſes]
But let thy Wife (in whome thou wouldſt be bleſt)
Bee farre from Trickes, and Toyes, and Fantazies.
And looke not in hir Eyes for Lookes t'allure
(Except thine Eyes b'alurd with modeſt Lookes)
But looke to ſee, through them, hir Spirit pure;
So maiſt thou coniure Spirits vp by thoſe Bookes,
That may thy Hart to pure affection moue,
And in Loues Compaſſe, Compaſſe endleſſe Loue!

Non eſt eiuſdem & multa & opportuna dicere.
Eraſmus Chiliad:



With all my Thoughts are but my Mindes Conceits
And my Conceits but motions of my Mind,
How is it that my Minde in hir Receits
Takes not, for Currant, Thoughts well Coynd, by Kinde?
Is it becauſe their Mettall is but meane
Sith they are forgd but by fraile Fantaſie?
Or, els becauſe their temper is vncleane?
Or, all, in one, their value vilifie?
What ere it bee it makes my Thoughts to muſe
That (beeing ſtampt by Arte, and forgd by Kinde)
My Minde ſhould yet (as baſe) the ſame refuſe.
Or, naile them vp, where they no paſſage finde.
The cauſe, I thinke [which Thought may Currant runne]
Is, [ſith ſhee is a Queene of Fleſhe, and Bloud]
Shee will haue nought [leſt all ſhould bee vndone]
Alow'd by hir that is not great, and good!
Then how eſcape theſe counterfet Conceits
[Baſe for ther Stuff, and rugged for their Stampe]
Out of hir Mynt, [alow'd by Iudgmeuts Weightes?]
They ſcape through Paſſions Miſt, and Errors Dampe.
But can a fault excuſ'd bee by a fault
The leſſer by the greater farre? ô no
Then this excuſe, ſith downe-right it doth halt,
For Currant, with the Vpright cannot go.
But iſt a fault to Loue, as tis to hate?
Nor, Loue nor Hate are faultie, being iuſt:

But,

But, tis a fault to loue (if too too lafe)
Becauſe ſuch loue looks too like hateſull Luſt;
Then, if I loue (as Loue is vnderſtood)
My Vnderſtanding much miſguides my Will:
Which of hir ſelfe [though blind] ſtill goes to good,
If blind Intelligence lad her not ill.
Then tis the blame of blind Intelligence,
And whats the cauſe Intelligence is blind?
It blinded is by miſreport of Senec:
For, that doth blind the Soule, and lame the Mind.
But, muſt I ſenſuall ſeeme, to ſeem excuſ'd,
Then, worſe and worſe falls out mine ill excuſe:
Twere better ſay, by Loue I am abuſd,
Sith I, to loue, haue offred much abuſe.
Abuſd by Loue, without my Luſts conſent!
That is too ſtrange a ſtrength for Loue, or Luſt:
And eithers powr in me, is impotent:
For, how boiles Bloud, that long ſince is adduſt?
Wel, be it as it may, it ſeems my might
Giues way to what it would, not what it ſhould:
Which on the bent of my Minds Motions light
Puts theſe right Lines of Loue which long will hold.
But if they breake when my Mind is vnbent
Now ſhal they breake, for I eu'n now repent.

Qualis vir talis oratio.



Acs do not more varrie in their Formes
Then Wits in ſhapes, though moſt be ſhapeleſſe Wits:
For, breeding baſe, oft well-ſhapt Wit deformes;
So, that it comes off comly, but by fits.
And the moſt part are better fed, then bred;
(But, they that feeding want, want Wit, and Wealth:)
Then, moſt Mens Wits are moſt ill-fauoured,
And what they ſhow, by Wit, they ſhow by ſtealth.
Yet many Members of that Block-head Body
(The Multitude) write idly, without ſtint;
And he that's not in Print they hold a Noddy
Becauſe themſelues are Noddies ſtill in Print.
Some Ryme, in rage; which rage puts Reaſon downe;
Yet puts not Reaſon downe in their Rymes rage:

Theſe *Arts* run rough, but their Rimes (if their owne)
With reaſon runne like a thwart Marriage..
Yet if too ſmooth be this ſmart Simily
(*Al*though it be as rough as Rage, or VVrack) — — — —
Their Rymes and Reaſon then, runne like a Cry
Of brayning Beaſts, that Rime, and Reaſon lack.
Yet; will they force *Minerua*, not by *Arte*,
But foree, or feare, of their wittes ſtrength, or ſtature
(For, ſo theſe *Aſſes* weene) to take their part;
So (like the *Gianis*) fight gainſt God and Nature.
Some make, in Proſe, greate *Tomes* their witts t'intomb,
To bee as Monuments of Witt, for euer:
Yet (ſith thoſe *Monuments* no Witt enwombe,
(Being quite conſumed) they continue neuer,
The mor's the pitty that ſuch ſtately Tombes
(That oft haue gold without, though droſſe within]
Should bee gazd on by *L*earnings drugging Gromes
And, by their *Engin*, razd; ô deadly ſinne!
Minerua bleſſe my Booke, Witts Monument,
(*A* little Monument for leſſer Witt]
From ſuch vſurping Ben-clarkes violent,
Leſt they pul out Wittes eies their turnes to fit.
Yet will I leaue it them, while feareleſſe, *I*
To Iury goe in expedition,
To trie their truth, or taſte their Tyranny;
The worſt is Eyleſſe depoſition:
And if it happ, I hope Ile Sion gaine,
Sith *I* the Cauſe of Sion will maintaine.

When the ritch man ſpeakes, euery man holds his tongue, and what he ſaith is praiſed vnto the Clouds. &c Eccluſ. 13.24.

THe Tongue of truth hath ſaid (then true it is)
Though *Diligence* could ſpeake like *Salomon*,
The VVorld is mute, or lies he ſpeakes amiſſe
ſith but the golden Aſſe ſpeaks well alone.
Thus, golden Aſſes clawd by Claw-backs are
Where they do yeeh, (and but for clawing, itch)
Yet (like Iades) pinch each other, being bare,

And

And ſo the Ritch are praiſd by poore and ritch;
So, from the Wings of Sun-bright Seraphins
Pull we our Pens, and make them Nectar flow
Yet if we be not gilt, like Cherubins
Our fame ſhall ſoare, in deed, but ſink in ſhow.
This Curry-fauoring World is wiſe herein.
(Though wiſe herein more then moſt wickedly)
It knowes Detraction is eſteemd no ſin
So that the great be greatly praiſd thereby.
And they are greatly praiſd when all but Theirs
Diſpraiſed is (how lawdable ſoere)
Their fruits (though Crabs) are ſweet with Apple ſquires
Who praiſe for Loue, and Loue for meed, or feare.
They may be bold they wot well with the poore,
Who, like pack-horſes, beare when Aſſes bray:
They well may wince, but they can do no more,
And for their wincing They on them may lay.
But heers the comfort, vpright after Times
(Vpright, ſith that which Is not, no way bends)
Will Lawrell-Crowne them for their roiall Rimes:
For Enuies ſelfe Deſert, if dead, commends.
Then, Rimes, how ere vnroial, run you on
You may, in time, perhaps come neer that Crowne
Meane while look for no Coronation
But ſuch as Enuy giues high-borne Renowne:
Yet with your Wit, thoſe aftertimes perſwade
That ſome were mard perhaps ere al were made.

Vpon Apparitions in the Night.

YE grizly Ghoſts that walk in ſhades of Night
Like Shades whoſe Subſtance (though quite Matterleſſe)
The dayly fowle Offender doth affright
Why make ye Darkneſſe Paper for your Preſſe?
Do you imprint in Blackneſſe, blacker formes
Of matters worſe? or in our Fantazie
Impreſſe ye Figures raiſing Horrors ſtormes

Or how in darkneſſe come you to the Eye?
Do you but ſhow? or ſhow in Subſtances?
Thicken you Aire (and ſo a Shape aſſume?)
Or creepe you in ſome Corprall Eſſences?
Or els the Sight deceaue with leſſe then Fume?
And why ô Hell hounds range you in the Night
Out of Earthes Center, (your infernall Hold?)
Lothe ye the Sunne? or is the day too light,
To do your deeds of Darkneſſe as ye would?
Can ye dead Bodies truly actuate?
And ſo ſuch Bodies borrow of the Saints?
Or can ye Wicked Bodies animate:
So, take from God the cauſe of his Complaints?
For if you Soules infuſe into the ill
You are the Father of their Spirites, and God
Complaines without cauſe that they croſſe his Will,
Nor are they vnder naturally his Rodd.
But He it is, alone, that Soules creates,
Without whome nought was made that made hath him:
And Bodies good, and Badd he animates,
Only he made not Death, firſt made by Sinne.
And what is Sinne, but only meere Defect?
So Sinne is nought: then nought hath Death begott;
And Nothing ſhould, in ſenſe, haue no effect:
So, Sinne, and Death Nought made, and Nought *Is* not.
I would it were not, but, too true, It *is*,
But as Canker doth to Siluer cleaue:
So, you fowle Fiends, that loue ſuch Filth as this
Do leane no Sinners, that no ſinne do leaue.
The pureſt Places you do hold an Hell;
And Places moſt impure you Heau'n eſteeme:
The one do plague, the other pleaſe you well;
And ſo of deeds, of either Kinde, you deeme.
To be among the the deads Graues you are gladd;
Wherein you ſeeke their ſenſleſſe Bones to griue:
And loue to rattle them in ſigne you had
The Conqueſt of Mankind through *Adams Eaue*.
So by a Woman (your familiet.)
Y'are now familier with *Men* night, and Day:
And which of both Familiers worſe do warre
With Men, and Reaſon, it is hard to ſay.

These

These feminę Familiars, but too oft
Torment vs men as if you (friends) they were!
Whose hard harts plac'd in their faire Bodies soft
Plague whom that Beauty doth to them indeare.
Yet some so filthy are that they are best
When they are worst; that is, when fowle defame
With vse of trading ill, their Trade, hath ceast,
Then (with a Pox) they liue Chast to their shame.
Thus haue we got double Familiars,
Women and Diuels by a VVomans pride:
Both vvhich familiarly, vvage secret vvars
VVith Men, poore Men, that still the Brunt abide.
But yet ô Passion tax not All, for Some:
Some are so far from being Fiends, that they
Are Saints and Angels, yet such so become
Through Grace (not Nature) which their Natures sway.
Many a vertues Virgin Grace hath made;
The chief whereof was that wise full of grace:
Who was a Mother-maide, which may perswade
All womens foes their friendship to embrace:
Yet many *Maries* full of Fiends there be,
But no such *Maries* as this Saint we see.

Suum cuique pulchrum.

WHy Self-conceit canst thou not brooke to see
Or heare, or read, or scarse once think vpon
The Parts which in another praised be?
Wouldst like God, only wise, be praisd alone?
And why so praisd wouldst be? for being blind
Seeing not thy selfe on whom alone thou lookst?
Or els for clawing thine owne itching Mind?
Or, which is worse, fish thou thy selfe mistookst?
If these (besides which, I know nought thou hast)
Be them for which thou wouldst be lawded so
Thy Wits are gone, and thou thy selfe, art past

For thele do fleet, where ſtaied Wit doth ſio.
Thou art but blind, yet ſcornſt thou other guide:
But leadſt thy ſelfe in VVays moſt hard to hit:
So, thou thy ſelfe ſtill leadſt thy ſelfe aſide
VVhere Error robs thee of Grace, Art, and VVit.
Yet can the witty hardly ſhake thee off
So hardly to their Headpeece thou doſt cleaue:
That though thou blindſt, thou makſt them ſee to ſcoff,
Yet hardly take, what they ſo freele giue.
Thou louſt the Learned, ſith they loue thee wel
Yea, makſt them oft to dote for loue of thee
Thou makſt them ween their Art doth Art excell
VVhen they ſee not they deepe Arte cannot ſee:
For, thou and enny (ay·Conſociates)
VVill not admitte that Arte her ſelfe ſhould ſhow
By others fingers; but the mynde inflates,
VVhich ſcornes to looke for higheſt Arte ſo lowe.
VVell, take thi pleaſure, ſo thon me diſpleaſe
Diſpleaſe me, as tho louſt me, ſith thou art
A mental pleaſant tickling damnad Diſeaſe
And Ile loue that thou hartſt this louing part
Hang not aboute me tempt me not too much:
For I, though fraile doe hold vp hangers on
VVhile I can ſtand, if me in loue theſe touch,
Though ſome ſuch oft ſeeke my ſubuerſion;
And reſt aſſur'd if me thou wilt not leaue
Ile muſe on nought but thy hopes to deceiue.

Stultus ſtulta loquitur.

THoughts wel conceiued and words as faire, as fitt
Al ſouldred with ſubſtancial semitry
Beſt ſhowes the life of Iudgement, Arte and Wit,
Which beſt Pens haue worſt labor to diſcrye.
This is a grace that glorifies the Pen:
That imps Fames wings to make her further flee,
This is (like god) but ſeldome ſeene with men:
Though in men by his power, and grace he be.
Yet al ſuppoſe (thot can but draw a Line
That they can drawe the picture of this Power

And that their workmanſhip is ſo diuine
That like that Grace, it euer ſhould endure.
And through that ſelf-conceit That is conceaud
Which they do daily labour (in great paine)
To bring to light, which by the World receau'd,
Makes her Armes wery long it to ſuſtaine.
It often proues ſuch ſpriteleſſe heauy Stuffe
(As much miſhapt as black, or Miſtical:
Yet ween they, They giue Rudeneſſe ſuch a Cuff
As turns him round, and breaks his neck withal:
For Self-conceit will not perſwaded be
But that hir Bird is fairſt, though black and fowle;
Cheifly if ſhe in night of Myſtery
See beſt abrode to wander like an Owle.
Pens, whither will you? whither will ye flee
Aboue the Compaſſe of your natiue powr?
O ſenſeleſſe Things! will you ſtill Doing be
The Muſes, to their ſhame, thus to deflowr?
Ceaſe, or take *Nectar* out of Helicon,
And let it flow from you as from that Fount;
Such, only ſuch, do Fames Wings pynion,
But others make but gaggling Geeſe to mount.
Yet, if you ween you were for Motion made,
And were in motion while in Wings you were
Fall to a Notary, or Scriuners Trade,
Then may you moue right being in your Sphearé.
But ô to regiſter the Acts of Wit
Forbeare, deer Pens, that make your ſelues ſo cheape;
Sith for that Office you are far vnfit,
And for your Laboure ſowne, but Laughter reape:
But if you'l needs be Lyning, yet take breth
Leaſt all the World do laugh your Lynes to death.



Candidæ muſarum ianuæ.

AMong the faults we fell to by our fall
No one diuides vs more from Piety
Then doth Self-Loue, which is the ſum of all
The foul Deformities we caught thereby:
Hence flow our Follies, and crimes capitall;

This Fount (wherein, [Narciſſus-like] we looke)
Drownes vs in Blame, which Heaun, nor Earth can brook.
Hence is it that we others glorious Guifts
Do hold as baſe; and ours [though meer Defects]
We do adore: and vſe all cnnning ſhifts
To haue them held for glorious Effects!
To this tend all our [Wit-purloyning] Drifts,
Which we in others, held nor Wit, nor Senſe:
But, being Ours (ſtolne) both haue excellence.
Hence is it that we can no more endure
Anothers praiſes, then our owne diſpraiſe:
Hence, ſeek we others blemiſh to procure,
That, on their foile, we may our glory raiſe:
We cannot ſhine directly being obſcure:
Then, indirectly do we ſend ſome Beames
Of glory-vaine, on Self-loues vainer Streames.
Hence, Men of Art depraue each others Skill,
Sith it they view with Luciferian Eyes:
Hence, Poets do each others praiſes kill
With keen Inuectiues that from hence ariſe:
Hence, ſpare thay none whom they haue powr to ſpill:
And they haue powr to ſpill themſelues, and all
[If they be great] that ſtand but neer their fall.
That Poets ſhould be made to vomit words]
(As being ſo rawe Wittes Mawe could not diſgeſt]
Hath to Wittes praiſe, bin as ſo many Swords
To kill it quite in earneſt, and in Ieſt:
Then, to vntruſſe him [before Knights, and Lords]
VVhoſe Muſe hath power to vntruſſe what not?
VVas a vaine caſt, though caſt to hitt a Blott.
O Imps of Phœbus, whie, ô why doe yee
imploy the Pow'r of your Diuinity
(Which ſhould but foyle Vice from which we ſhould flee:)
Vpon impeaching your owne Quality?
O grace the graceleſse, you that glorious bee:
Who cannot grace your ſelues more then to give,
A large allowance poore wittes to relieue.

Written

Written to my deere Friend Maister Nicholas Deeble.



Am about it, good Will giue me leaue;
Stirre mee not faster then my Wit can moue:
What though Thee bee my Selfe, my Selfe must giue
My Selfe, some time, to show my Selfe my loue.
Show? ah how Show? with Worthlesse Pen, and
Alas poore Show! No, *Nic*, it shall not bee:
And, yet it must, my Pen must drinke, or shrink:
Sith it doth thirst so sore to write to Thee:
Then, *Tuckport* by your leaue, a Draught, or two
Of gaully Liquor you must yeeld my Pen,
Which (like a Potion drunke) will make him do
His businesse kindlie; *Hall* Gentlemen,
Mow on, spruse Pen, fall now into your Measures,
But stay, let me first number them in Minde:
You are too hastie (soft, bee rude, take leysure)
Now, Single, well said, now, thy Motion's Kinde.
Beware thou double not, a single friend
Cannot endure suche Trickes: but, let thy Feete
Bee plac'd to please, yet please not to offend,
And in their motion Rime, and Reason meete.
I loue Thee for thy Loue, lo, there's my Reason!
Nay, did'st thou hate mee (as thou must in time)
Yet should I loue Thee Salt, which Thee doth season,
And, thy rare other Guifts, lo, here's my Rime.
This verse, *in stes fure*, hath my prancing Pen,
To Thee approcht: Pen, homage now, why so?
So should a bee, for, still the worser men
Must pase the better, reuerence which they owe.
Now Sir, if my rude Pen may fetch your rain,
After the manner of a Coothay-dance,
Leaue when you will, and, as you list begin,
Your Discords to mine breede no variance:
What, how so ere your Feete be plac'd, they shall
In Loue, iumpe with my Feete, *Hands*, Hart, and all.
Beate thou my Dumps them, and I will bee,
At least a Pittie (if not more) to Thee!

An Epitaph, or what you will, on the death of Maister *Meece* an harmeleſſe profeſſed Foole who ſhall deceaſe, when it ſhall pleaſe God, and him, made at his owne requeſt.



Here low he lies that ſate ſtill with the Hie,
For fooliſh Witt, and honeſt Knauerie.
Neuer poore-Foole him ſelfe more wiſely bare:
For, hee gott loue of *All*, and tooke no care!
Then, neuer Foole, on this World reeling Stage,
Plaid his Part better, till fourſcore of age:
Then, Time, and Death on him their force did proue,
And tooke him from this Life, but not our loue.
Now, make Wormes merry, *Meece*, as Thou mad'ſt Men,
Vntill in endleſſe Mirth Wee meete agen:
For, to that Mirth if now thou be not gon
God knowes what is become of Sálomon!
Who, though Hee knew much Good, and did it ſo,
Yet knew much Ill, which hee (much worſe) did doo.
But Thou, (like *Adam* (*Meece*) in innocence
Knewſt not ſo much as how to giue offence.
Or, if thou knewſt, thou did'ſt conceale the ſame;
So, like a wiſe-Foole liu'd ſt thou with-out blame!
Then, *Meece* ſith Death doth play the Foole with Thee
Showing his Teeth, laughieg ill-fauour'dly,
Put on his Pate, thy Capp; and on his Back
Thy pide-Coate put, with eu'rie fooliſh knack:
And ſay (ſith hee ſittes quite beſide the Stoole)
Looke on the Foole that cannot kill a Foole!
For I poore *Meece*, that was a Foole, to Death,
Haue made Death now my Foole, eu'n with a Breath:
ſith I haue Couſnd him with only That
That made mee to bee mocke, and laughed at:
Namely, but with mine onely outward Weede
Whereof poore naked Snake, hee ſtood in neede
And, I, beeing wearie of it, gaue it, then,
When I was like to liue with God, and Men.

The outward garment of his Flesh ſignifying the bodies vnderſtanding.

For what hath the wiſe-man more then the Foole
Eccles. 6. 8.

Other

Morall Life compared to Post, and Pare.

WHen well I weigh the state of morrall Life,
Mee seemes it seemes but too like Post, and Pare:
Where eache Man seekes to winn, by ciuill strife;
While most make show of more then what they are.

One, vies it, beeing but a Knaue, perchance,
Against a King, or Queene, or Paires of both,
Our-braving Cowardize, and Ignorance:
And, others part Stakes, that to lose are loth.

Some, Nothing seeme, to gett Some-thinge by it,
These some, passe all, to goe beyond the rest:
These, better their Good-fortunes by good Witt,
Who crouch, as being worst, till they are best.

Some, some-what giue, to fetch some others in,
That so, at last, they may bee furthest out:
These, little giue, by small *guifts*, much to winne,
Yet oft so loose they all, to winne a Flout.

Some, heeing Pa-riall, dare to do, what not?
Vy, and re-uy and weene they all shall winn:
When some One other better Cards hath gott,
That they are furthest out, when furthest in!

Some Elders, for re-uies, passe Pare, and Post,
When lo, the Yonger shames, or Doubles it:
Therfretts the VVinner, for his wynning, lost,
Sith foolish Fortune Conny-catched VVitt.

Some

Some, vy, and reuy faceing, so, to foile;
That haue no Games, but gamesome seem, with griefe:
The while the rest haue game to see their spoile,
Who yet, out-brau'd, do blush, sith they were chiefe.

Some, being Cock, like Crauens giue it ore
To them that haue the worst Cards in the stocke:
For, if the one be ritch, the other poore
The Cock proues Crauen, and the Crauen, Cock!

Some, hauing lost the double Pare and Post,
Make their aduantage on the Parrs they haue:
Whereby the Winners winnings all are Lost,
Although at best, the other's but a Knaue.

Pur Ceit deceaues the expectation
Of him, perhaps, that tooke the Stakes away;
Then, to put Tant bee's in subiection:
For, Winners on the Losers oft do play.

Flush is ore-borne oft by a better Flush:
And Kings do conquer Kings but by the hands
As Stronger do the weaker euer crush:
And still win of them Glory Goods, and Land.

Some, look awry to see if they can spie
Anothers Cards, thereby to make their game,
Then on a Nine ten times, perhaps they vy
Knowing the other's blind, though they are lame.

Some Pack, and others Cut, to breake the Packe:
Some, shuffle cunningly, and shift thereby:
Some, take a Card, and some a Card put back
More then they should, to back their vice, and Vie.

Some, haue Confedrates of the Lookers on:
Who look as friends they were to all alike:
Then with a signe of least suspition
They note the Conny which they meane to strike.

And if the Gamsters do play ouer-long,
All, drawne, by all, the Butlers Box doth draw:
As Lawiers gett all bee it right, or wronge
That's wonne, and loſt, if Men bee long in Lawe;
Thus properlie we may this Life compare,
Vnto the bragging game of Poſt, and Pare.

My Corollarie.

WEalth, like a Pegaſus, doth runne, or Flee,
(As ſwift as Thought) eſpecially from thoſe
That liere are gladd, but when at game they bee,
Though all their Wealth thereby, in Poſt, they looſe:
And ſo when Wealth away is poſted quite
They runne away, or elſe play leaſt in ſight.

Written to the Right Noble, and well-accompliſhed Ladie the Counteſſe Dowager of Pembroke.



Grace inuoke, which had would make me pray,
To Thee (great Ladie, greate, and glorious to:)
I pray to Thee, into a Comforts Staie,
Then, lett my Soule be full, bee ryde therete.
To Thee my whole Man is dyaphanall;
The Raies of whoſe Witts Eyes pierce through mee quite,
Who (like a Goddeſſe) ſeeth all in All
Which in me is, or Fowle, Faire, Wrong, or Right.
If ought be Faire, or Right in mee, it is
Not mine, but Thine, whoſe Woorth poſſeſſeth mee:
But if ought fowle bee in mee, or amiſſe,
I hate for That, for, that its not for Thee:
If I bee All amiſſe, I All aſſigne
To Shame, and Sorow ſith no part in Thine.

Your Honors, while he is worthie
of that Honor, I. D.

Againe

Againe to Hir.



Aine would I write that Witt nere yet conceau'd,
But abiect Witt withstands my highe Desire:
So diuerse write, and weene, yet are deceaud
For, Follies Flawes make light Witt so aspire.
Then, cease to write. Then, is Desire displeasd.
Better Displease Desire, then Witt disgrace.
Disgrace on VVitt hath at this Instant leisd.
VVherefore? for halting. Then VVitt post apace
Vnto the Point: now, now, thy quicknesse show:
For, Fowrteene Lines thy Lymitts are, and They
Are at a Point. VVhat if they bee? I know
The more's my meede if now I VVitt bewray.
The last Line next ensues: your praise, & VVitt's behind,
For, may all raise your Price except Men being rude of kind.

MARTYR EMBROK.

Written to the right Honorable, and most inditious Lord William Earle of Pembrooke that now is.

LOoke Lord with those sharpe Eyes of thine, with which (though lately open)
In seeing thou seest the least ore sights old, new, or done, or spoken:
Looke on this Scale of simple Zeale, which though but courslie Carud,
Containes the Impresse of thy praise thy vertues haue deseru'd.
Truthes Hãds, VVealths Armes, VVits Eyes, Artes Tong, & wiledõs listning Eare
Present Times Course, yonge yeares, conceiuing, bring forth many yeares!
Poore fraward Soule! well-shapen Sprighs! in which subsisting bee,
Graces, Goodnesse, Glory: Three in one, and One including Three!
Grace, goodnesse giues, to Glory guides, such Guift, such Guide, such Glory
Gentrie, you haue, yet hauing hold vnsure, to shunne Vaine-glorie.

So, so (sweete Lord) so should it bee; so was true *Sapience Sourse*,
More wise then all, most wise in this, knew Things had but their Course.
Who goes to Glory, Glorie shunes so shunes, so goes, that yet
Vaine-glorie shund, true glorie gaind, may him in glorie sett.
Reade, Note, Search, Trie, Know, Show, Muse, Mount, aspird, againe descend;
The lower Soules sinck in themselues, the higher they ascend!
Tell mounting Witts thats too too light that Wisedome makes not weightie;
Tell Motion it is worse then madd whose Motors not Almightie.
Tel World its but the wayward Maze where Man is mazd and lost;
Tel State it stands on *Airy* Propps, by Stormes still turnd and tost.
Tel Wisedome shee is base if Shee mounts not aboue the Moone,
Tel Humors, and tell Humorists, their Humors change too soone.
Tel Learning it is darke as Hell not mixt with light of Grace,
Tel Councell, and tell * Councellors they oft mistake the Case. *Lawy.*
Tel Bookes, though euer blest some bee, yet are they but Informers,
Tel them they should more blessed bee if they were still Reformers.
Tel Artes they aske too much for *Artes* in asking all our time,
Tel Armes they do but worke their Harmes, by Armes, and Harmes that climbe.
Tel Earthlie Hopes they make vs seeke for that wee cannot finde,
Tel, tell Worlds-Blisse it wanteth force to breede true Blisse in Mynd.
Tel Spare a (foolish) pretious Time, tell Time hees falslie true,
True in his Course, in Custome false, away steales, yet pursues!
Tel Yeares (though they Caesars are) their Nostrills Bound their breath;
Tel Life (though during like the Sunne) it subiect is to death.
Tel Wealth it waits with earthlie Pompe, tell Pompe its but a Puffe,
Tel Glory thee must bide the girde of Enuies Counterbuff.
Tel, tel Fair-wordes, from fowle Mouthes sent, they feede, but fatten Fooles
Tel Friends true Friendshipps no where learnd but in true Vertues Schooles,
Tel, Loue that Hee an Idoll is; found, forgd adord by Fancie,
Tel Flesh enraging Lust thee is a Soule-confounding Frenzie:
Tel Fauours they are Copper-gilt, vncertaine true, if true:
Tel Tales when Shadowes come before, their Substance still ensue,
Tel Lookes, where Loue in Triumph Tilts against vnlenced Eyes,
They Lookes are, by Lookes like Lures, which seeme true, yet are lies.
Tel All that al is (a) in All] beneath the Heauenly Coape,
A Dreame, a Shade, a toile of Spirite, a bale betraying hope.
And lastlie tel thy Thoughts [sweet Lord] they In an Heart must rest
That Honor holds for Life, and liues to dy ere dispossest.
Here Sus *Mineruam* maist thou say, its true, yet lay not so,
Because it comes from him that liues to dy vpon thy Foe.

Deum, ad que vsq; tempora reseruasti? Policarpus.

More

Meete not an Harlot, leaſt thou fall into hir Snares.
Eccluſ. 9. 3.

WHo ſo will keepe his Soule, and Body chaſt
From Womans hatue, he muſt him ſelfe retire;
Yea, though they ſeeme religious, and ſhamefaſte:
For, bluſhing VVomen moſt inflame Deſire.

Stand not vpon thy ſtrength (though it ſurpaſſe)
Nor thy fore-proued Chaſtneſſe ſtand thou on.
Thou, art not Holier then *Dauid* was?
Nor wiſer then was moſt wiſe *Salomon*?



And aske the Prince of Earthlie Paradiſe,
(Who, in perfection, was made moſt compleate)
What power a Woman had him to intice
To make him his owne bane, and ours to eate!

If wee ſtand neere a Fall, wee ſtand vnſure,
If neere the Fire wee warme, though Yce we were:
VVe cannot ſtriue with Death and longe endure;
Nor Liue with VVeakneſſe, but muſt weake appeare.

To bee with VVomen ſtill, yet know them not
Is no leſſe ſtrange then to ſtand falling ſtill:
VVe cannot handle Pitch without a Spott,
Although we handle it with Care and skill.

Then, if thou wouldſt bee ſafe, in ſaftie, feare;
Such feare doth make thy ſaftie more ſecure:
For, too much truſt is too much danger neere,
And in the midſt of Dangers none are ſure.

In greeneſt Graſſe a Snake doth often lie
And Loue begun in Spirit, oft ends in fleſh:
Fleſh tells in ſmootheſt Opportunity,
And when ſhe (drunken) reels, Sin riſeth freſh.

The Fiend, hir foe-like friend, doth neuer ſleepe
But wakes to tempt hir ſtill with Time, and Place:
In ſweeteſt Hony he doth Poiſon ſteepe,
Which maſketh Nature work in ſhow of grace:
Then, if thou wouldſt not ſlide, from Women ſlip:
For, Ill oft raignes in ſuch good fellowſhip.

Gratious is the end that ends all our paines.

WHen, when, ô when ſhall I bid life farewell
Wherein my Soule, and Body ſo ill fares?
My Soule within my Body, Loathes to dwell
With it doth dwell in ſuch a World of Cares.
Wherein the beſt are Briers, that ſcratching, hold
What ere they catch vnto anothers harme:
Whoſe Tenter-hookt Armes do, in Loue, infold
No one but whom they ſpoile, and quite diſarme:
Where Men loue Men, not for that Men they are
But ſimply for themſelues; all whoſe reſpect
Is ſwallowed vp with ſelf-reſpecting Care,
And commonly the Common good neglect.
Where Faſhions are, then Formes, more various:
(Though ſcarſe among a Million two are like)
Where the moſt iuſt are left iniurious
Though Iuſtice their iniuſtice doth diſlike.
Where Faces want no graces to allure
The Mynd to loue, ſô to betray the Mind:
An holy kiſſe, in ſhow, ſhowes to aſſure
The rather to faile Hope that ſeeks to find.

Wher

Where oft Religion palliates Policy,
And Saints are made a Sacrifice for State:
Yea, heauenly Powres for Earthly Maiesty,
Away goes all that lets Ambitions gate.
Where holy Fathers do vnholy Deeds
While yet they bleſſe their Sons that cloak their ſhame:
And ſo the Hart of Piety ſtill bleeds
Becauſe Hypocriſie ſtill wounds the ſame.
Where all is ſeeming, and Nought reall is:
For all do couet only but to ſeeme:
Ill ſeemeth good, and ſorrow ſeemeth Bliſſe,
And Men, but by their ſhow do men eſteem.
Where the whole frame of Natur's out of frame,
And at the point to be diſſolued quite:
Where VVit and Learning are both blind, and lame,
Yet ſcorne, through pride, a Guide to leade them right.
VVhere no man hath an Eare to heare, ſith Eares
Are now turnd all to Tongues, or Teeth, to gnaw:
If one haue Eares none but himſelfe he heares,
As bound thereto by ſelf-loues lawleſſe law.
Where Loue, and Lordſhip can no Riualls beare,
That yet ſhould beare with all that Grace doth brooke:
Where euery thinge amiſſe is euery where
And nought found good vnleſſe it be in looke.
Where vertue is deſpiſed though bright ſhe bee,
Yf ſhe be bare; Yet Venus, bare, is lou'd:
Where nought hath taſt els, that is bare to ſee
Yea, Truth it ſelf if bare, is not approud.
Where all and ſome make but the ſum of al
Vainſt Vanities; for ſo at beſt they be:
VVhere each one riſeth by anothers fal,
Yet mounts in vaine, for quickly fal muſt he.
So on this Sorrowes Sea, [this VVorld of VVoe]
Al falls to Earth, that riſeth from the ſame:
And ſo all Earthly Things do ebb and flo,
And ebb in nature, as they flow in name.
Then ô haue I not reaſon to deſire
My Natures diſſolution, ſith it is
VVith theſe Ills conuerſant, which do conſpire
To make it [like them] more then moſt amiſſe?

Then,

Then, Death (the end of Ill vnto the good)
Enshore my Soule neer drownd in flesh, and bloud.

Quotidie est deterior posterior dies.



HOw many piercing Pens haue launct the Vaines
Of this vaine World, to let her humors out?
How many Satyres beate their tried Braines
How, from this Ioynt-sick Age to bite the Gowt?
And yet like those anoyd with that disease,
These Times haue rather rest then helpe thereby:
For they displease them that do them displease;
So rest renenged, but toild in malady.
And oft those Surgeans are as humorous
As are the Aches which they seek to heale;
Who hauing Teeth, as sharp as numerous,
Through others, bite themselues, which feld they feele.
Because themselues are senseleese of their Ills
Which this obseruing World perceiuing well
Measures their Medicines by their wicked Wills
So loths their Corsiues, and themselues doth quell.
But he that looks with well-discerning Eyes
Into the worlds ineuitable woes
Shal see it sick of mortal maladies;
And wil (as from the plague) flie far from those.
I see them well (though wel I canot see
Sith I am Hood-winckt still with darke desires)
And I confesse the World's the worse for me
Though to the best my Spirit, at worst aspires.
Faine would I leaue this fardle of my Flesh
In Fastings Charge; the lighter so to flye
From these still-following plagues which are most fresh
When we are wearyest of their company.

But

But lo the World ſtill rounds me in the eare
With Wind that ſweetly in that Organ ſounds,
Which me allures to loue mirth, ioye and Chearet
So downe it beates my wil when it rebounds.
Thus the Worlds heauy and vnholy hand
My Sprit ſuppreſſeth that would faine aſpire,
And with my Fleſh, conſpires it to withſtand
With whom the Diuel ioynes in that deſire.
Thus do I reſt in that Church militant,
Which ſtill with ſtands theſe three ſtil fighting Foes
Stil warring with them til that ſtrength I want
To gard, with grace, their moſt vngratious Blowes.
Then through my weakneſſe am I fored to yeeld
VVho then, like Tyrants, triumph in my ſpoile
And wrack my Hopes beſt harueſt in the Field
VVhich they haue got, ſo, feareful make my foiles
And thus twixt good, and euil, Sin, and grace,
I ſtil do, ſtriuing, run a tedious Race!

Enuy is blind and can do nothing but diſpraiſe Vertue.



He beſt conceit that euer Braine did breede
(Though better borne then bred, or firſt conceau'd,
May in good birth, yet haue ſuch euil ſpeed,
That ſcarſe the ſpirit of life may be perceaude
For, Emulation hath no patience
(No more then Ignorance) to ſtand vpon
The narrow ſearch of ſtrict Intelligence
But dooms it dead, ſith it liues ſo alone.
That liues alone that ſingularly liues
VVhich is the life of Singularity:
VVhere that life ſtil Emulation ſtriues

Or to obſerue his skill that liues thereby.
Enuy ſeemes poiſned with anothers praiſe,
Which as thoſe praiſes ſwell, ſwells more, and more;
Who, worne to nought, hir ſelfe (yet) only waighes,
And weighes no others woorths, vnleſſe to oppoose.
But that ſhee ſeeketh to enrich alone,
Not of Deuotion, but of damd deſire
To make the greater woorth the leſſer knowne:
For ſhee doth moſt eccliſpe what is moſt cleir.
Whie toile we then? or loſe our golden Sleepes
To gaine (with golden Time) more glorious praiſe?
Sith baſeſt Enuy, higheſt Honor keepes,
By whoſe diſpight hir glorie oft decayes.
It is becauſe the longer after Death
Our Fames do flee, the longer breathe they ſhall:
For, Enuies winde doth vaniſh with our breath;
And when our harts breake, broken is hir Gall:
Then this doth comfort all that merit fame
Vertue liues when Enuy dies with ſhame.

Vincit qui patitur.



TO ſeeke for eaſe where wee are borne to toile
Is but to reſt in toile, and toile in reſt:
To toile for eaſe where ſlouth may worke our ſpoile,
Is but, by eaſe, to bee eaſe diſpoſſeſt.
They fiſh, and catch a Frogge, which ſo do ſtlue
That, ſaue the ſoules repoſe, catch all they wiſhe,
Its better farre to giue our ſoules to reſt.

In Patience, then in Pleasures, sith they doo
Sweetly (like rubbings of an Itch) moleſt,—
But, Patience gladds vs while Paines vs vndoo:
Then, giue mee Patience, and let Pleasure go,
As that which workes, in sport, our ouerthro.
That comfort I deteſt that takes from mee
Vnceſſant sorrow, for vnceſſant sinne:
Nor, loue I that sharpe sight that all doth see
Saue onely That which is my selfe within
That Knowledge is as coorse as counterfett,
That makes Men vtterlie them selues forget.
Giue mee an Hell of paine, so I may haue
The Heauen which a Conſcience sound doth giue;
Sith hee is but vnceſſaunt Sorrowes Slaue,
That, sick in Soule, in pleasures Heau'n doth liue:
If Patience Hiue the Soule in Sorrowes Swarmes,
She Heau'n enioyeth in an Hell of Harmes.
Who rightlie knowes him selfe, him selfe contemns:
And though men clappe their hands in his applauſe,
Yet hee their praiſes, with him selfe, condemnes
By euidence of Conſcience, & hir Lawes:
The cauſe why others flatter vs, with eaſe,
Is, wee our selues our selues too wel do pleaſe.
How much the more our knowledge al surmounts
So much the lower we in in Hel shal fal,
If, when we come to make our laſt accounts,
Our vertue be not found much more then al:
And simply better t'were from Sinne to flee,
Then cunningly Define what Sinne should bee.
With brightest Knowledge to liue moſt obſcure
Is to find Hea'n, which in that Light doth lie:
Yet like the Sunne, through thick Clouds couerture,
To light the World that Men may walke thereby:
So, doth the Highſt obſcure him selfe from sight
While all that see, do see but by his Light.
What neede wee seeke quaint words, & Phraſes fine
Sith by one Word all Truth is knowne alone;
Which Word made al things by his pow'r Diuine;
So, all things by that VVord are only knowne:

Then, they that learne this onelie World to know
Know more then World, or Witt it selfe, can show.
All other Knowledge doth but vex the Sp'rite,
Though hir it makes much more intelligent:
In it, alone, is Knowledge, with Delight,
Sith it the Witt, doth cleere, the Will, content.
Then they that know this single-simple Worde
Do know much more then Knowledge can afforde.
No State so holie, nor no Place so Sole
(Much more no Science) but is full of Doube:
Cares, creeping, fill each solitarie Hole;
And many more vexations swarme without:
And till wee leave the World, or wayward Will,
Wee beare with vs a VVorld of trouble still.
Then, tis not shun'd by flight, vnlesse wee could
Flie from our selues, (our aduersaries chiefe:)
For, while our selues our selues haue fast in hold,
Wee hold our selues to Sinne, and so to Griefe:
For, they that griue not when they do transgresse,
Short pleasures feele, not extreame wretchednesse.
The lack of VVill in faith still fixt to bee
Is the sole cause wee want our true repose:
For, who so blinde as they that will not see,
And, who more subiect to hard ouerthrowes?
Inceuitable Sorrowes still attend
On none but on the wilfull, past their end!
To shunne the Tempter wee must shut the Gate
Of our Intelligence against his Charmes;
Or, lest he should our Will predominate,
Repulse him from our VVitt, by force of Armes:
If yet he stands, vpon him straight Discharge
Truthes double *Cannon, with a double Charge.
Then will he flie, or if he stands, he falls;
For, nothing can resist his Ordinance
VVho makes the meekest Mindes his Generalls
That, yeelding, fight, and foile by sufferance.
O tis a wondrous Conquest when a Foe
By ouercomming hath the ouerthrow!
The longer wee forbeare him to withstand
The weaker are wee when wee do resist,
And much the stronger is hee to commaund.

*The old, and new Testam.

For

For, Thoughts are actiue when they do perfit:
Because Thoughts trauell, with Delight, in paine,
Till He bee borne, and they conceaue againe.
Greate Troubles well are borne, by bearing ſmall
As *Milo* bare a Calfe, turn'd Bull at laſt,
They in the roughest Tempests needs muſt fall
That are orethrowne with eury little Blaſt:
In Summe, the Summe of all our earthlie ioy
Is in our patient bearing all annoy.

Againe.

IF Hope and Patience did not hold the Hart
From being ſquiz'd to nought with gripes of griefe
It could not bee, by Nature, nor by Arte,
But Death would hold that Seate of Life, in chiefe:
For, in this Life Deathes do ſo multiplie
(Or Dolors, at the beſt, farre worſe then Deathes)
That wee do liue no longer then wee die.
VVho lyuing die, and breathing ſpend our breathes.
So that in patience, only wee poſſeſſe
The Soules we haue, which haue the Liues we hold,
And Hope ſuſtaines the Soule in heauyneſſe:
So patient hope is fraile Lifes ſtrongeſt Hold.
If both thoſe vertues theri in one muſt ioyne
To make our Soules, and Bodies ioyne in one
(Els Death, and Dolor, will fraile Life purloyne
VVho ioyne to vnioyne that Coniunction.)
*VV*ee muſt inuoke the Heaun's to giue vs Hope
VVell arm'd with Patience, fith wee liue thereby
Secur'd in Dolors, which to Death lie ope,
And makes vs liue, when Death and Dolors die.
Then, patient Hope, the Soule of our Lifes Soule,
Arme thou my Soule thereby to gard hir life,
And Paſſions furie with thy pow'r controule,
So ſhall I ſtriue in reſt, and reſt in ſtrife:
For no way looke I, but my ſights annoyd
VVith Troopes of Sorrowes, menacing my wracke,
And, in my ſpacious Mynd, no place is voyd
For Campes of Cares that ſeeke my Soule to Sacke.

For if I liue, I can but liue in ſinne:
And if I ſin (I ioy) I can but grieue,
So when ſin ends, my griefs and Cares begin
And ceaſe not til I ceaſe to ſin, or liue.
Yet, what I would He knows that knowes my wil,
Which (though peruerſe) is preſt his grace to ſeruce
Which Grace ingenders Hope on my Good wil
And makes me patient, ſith I ill deſerue.
Thus patient Hope, by Grace got on my Will,
Doth make me wel to liue, in ſpight of ill.

In vindicando crimine ſæ eſt celeritas.

WHat gaine gets witleſſe Courage but the loſſe
Of Life, or Limb, Lands, Contry, Goods, or fame,
Or to the Gallowes goes by weeping Croſſe,
Mad, deſprate, dies to his Soules death, and ſhame.
Would any that had Courage, Wit, and Grace
(At point to part this life) Mans life bereaue
To make a crying Sin his Soule to chaſe,
And neuer, till ſhe dies, the Chaſe to leaue?
None would that would be wiſe and valiant
Then ſo we ought to liue, as dying ſtil,
Sith of our death our life is ignorant
Then who (but Fiends) would liue in Hel, to kil?
Admit in priuate Quarrels (fit to riſt)
Thou haſt ſlaine al that durſt thy powr oppoſe:
Nay ſay that no man durſt the ſame reſiſt
Sith like a God, thou couldſt of life diſpoſe,
Were it humane much leſſe were it diuine
To glory but in bathing but in bloud?
Were it not ſauage, and too Leonyne
For any that would faine be great, and good?

Then

O Then what Quarrell but the publike one
Can make a wife, and valiant man to fight?
What ſtaine takes honeſt reputation
By taking wrong, to make it ſelfe more right?
Can but the Lye (one ſilly Sillable)
(By Time made much more hainous then by Truth)
Make great men make their Humors ſutable,
To Horſeleaches, that haue, by bloud, their growth?
Or can the Loue but of an hateful Queane
[For ſuch no better be, though Queens they are]
Broche pretious bloud, as if that were the meane
To meaſure out ſound Loue for ſuch crackt Ware?
Can but an od Looke, or a ſimple Smile
(Which may be taken wel as wel as ill)
Make men their Harts and Hands with bloud defile:
So, bloud (like water) for but Looks to ſpil?
Then Men are Monſters, *Monſters!* al too good
Is eu'ry name that is too monſtrous
For ſuch as liue, alone, but to ſuck bloud,
Which al do hate, that are magnanimous:
For all great Minds deſire ſuch things to do
That are as good, as great; els, ſcorne the ſame
For Valor they'l be praiſ'd, and Vertue too,
Els Valor they eſteem the price of Shame,
And no where can the ſame ſo wel be ſhowne
As with offenſiue Armes in Countries right
And with defenſiue, guard the ouerthrowne
From the Oppreſſors mercileſſe deſpight.
Els Fights vnciuil, ſauage, and too bad
For Beaſts, much more for Men, whom Angels ſerue,
All Quarrels els, are monſtrous, moody, mad,
And mortal hate of God and man deſerue.
Yet by ſuch ſucking bloud we ſee ſome ſwel
Vnto that Greatneſse that they ſcarce can hold,
On Gore they ground great Howſes where they dwel
Which often ſink, in bloud, as Reaſon, would,
Many that haue nought els but daring Harts
And leaſe their Liues, (for Nothing to Diſpaire)
On this Worlds Scage, do oft play Princes parts,
To which they climb by Bloud, a ſlippry Staire.
And deſprate Reſolution ſo is held

Vp by the Chin, while it doth bath in blood
(By Greatneſſe, of ſmal worth) that it doth weld,
The world at wil, and ſeld, if ere, withſtood.
Yea, oft it makes Authority to ſhake
Sith they owe others liues that loath their owne,
And ſo it doth his owne Conditions make
As if it could at wil put vp and downe.
This Ladies loue; for, this doth Ladies win,
(Faint Hart they ſay, (Ile ow the reſt for ſhame)
This is a VVorld-commanding gracefull ſin
In the Conceit of each conceited Dame.
He that dares ioule togerher higheſt Heades
(Though he may faile in that too high attempt)
The High his haughty Reſolution dreads,
VVhile he, as Crauens, holds them in Contempt.
Lo thus may Reaſon reaſon gainſt a Wrong
That Paſſion doth approue, and vſe, as right
I vſ'd [the more my vice] this vertue long
If it be Vertue vitiouſly to fight.
VVhat now! vaunts VVit, and vailes the ſhine with ſkil?
Would it be knowne it was to Courage knit?
Do I condemn, yet glory in mine ill?
So, crack of Courage with, and without Wit?
Here lie I open to Wits priuy Nips,
Or open Thumps, lay on, Wit ſpare me now
And Ile orecurne as thou ſhalt offer Trips
Sith through my weakneſſe thou the beſt hall got.
Yet ſtay thy Wiſedome, wit, and hold thy hand,
Vſe thou the Conqueſt like a Conqueror:
That is, foile thou the ill which thee withſtand,
But, let the fainteſſe neuer feel thy powr,
For tis not ſimply ill a truth to tell,
(Though it perhaps be told for ſcarce good end)
And doubtful words, with Letters Loue doth ſpel
That alwaies only, doth the beſt intend.
But ſith al thoſe that know me, knew me ſuch
As once I was, my Lines are of leſſe force
(Vnleſſe my hate, of what I was, I touch)
To draw vv Sword-drawers to a quiet Courſe.
For ſtealth thou Theefe, and yet exhort to Truth
Or Kill thou Butcher, yet dehortſt from Blood?

Shal he perſwade vs who reuenge purſuits
That mercy is the beſt reuenging moode?
I am turnd Crauen, and am held therein
By Loue, which holds for true diuinity,
That Faiths Deuotion is but deadly ſin
If it be not deuout in Charity.
Then he that makes his life a laſting Beaſt
And ſeems to feed on nought but Wounds, and Gore
May pray for grace, to change his life withall,
But, other praiers make his ſins the more.
And they that loue their ſins to multiply
Still let them pray in Hate, and thirſt of Blood;
So ſhal they liue (while they make others die)
To dy the death of Dogs, in damned moode.
Now, if this Charme of Words want violence
To make theſe brauing Spirits leſſe bloudy-bold
And bring them into Loues Circumference,
Sufficeth me I Coniur'd as I could:
But, if thereby they wax more turbulent
I can but rue, but they ſhall more repent!

Bleſſed is the Man that doth meditate honeſt things by Wiſedome, Eccluſ. 14. 21.

DId Wiſedome write, or ſpeake the world to pleaſe
Shee were not wiſedom in a pleaſing Sence:
Then who doth pleaſe with any one of theſe
Doth pleaſe vnwiſely, but the World, or Sence.
Then are they worldly wiſe, or ſenſual
That doe ſoe write or ſpeake; but none of thoſe
Can be in them whoſe words can ſweeten Gall
Which Sweets do reſt where ſweeteſt ſoules repoſe.
And they repoſe but in the Sweet of Sweets
[God only wiſe] for Bodies of the Bleſt:
In whom true Wiſedome, Grace and Nature meets,

Whose gracefull VVords are naturally expreſſ,
If VVords inchaunt the Senſe, and not the Soule,
That Charme of VVords coniures no holy Spright:
For, Such, ſuch VVords (not Such, ſuch VVords) controules
Soule-pleaſing VVords muſt, then, bee rare, and righ.
Yet though a Sonnet bee as right, as rare
For Number, Meaſure, VVaight, or Nouelties,
Yet, if it ſounds ſo, but to Senſes Eare,
The Soule, as harſhe, doth hold that Harmonie.
Then all our Straines that reliſhe double Loue,
(Sweet double-Reliſhe, worthie treble praiſe)
To Soule, and Bodie) Soule and Body moue,
(VVith ioy) to liſten, as to Angells Laies!
Theſe bee the Aires that getr the Aire of Fame,
[Of Fame whoſe Aire, diuinely is refinde,]
That feeds, with pureſt praiſe immortall Names
Fitting the nature, of each mightie Minde.
And, they are only mightie that diſdaine,
All that, that diſagrees with Mightineſſe:
As is light Loue, fraile Fancies, Shadowes vaine,
VVeake VVit, baſe Bliſſe, VVorlds weale, or VVretchednes.
Then [as to Nature curſt, but kind to Grace]
I herehsne made a Rodd my ſelfe to beate,
VVhoſe higheſt reach, in Straines of Loue, is baſe,
Sith Lightneſſe meaſures them with heauie Feete.
Yet if this Lightneſſe heauy make the Light
In Summing vp my Numbers totall Summe,
I hereby hope this therby will bee of weight
Theſe Lightneſſe [if it riſe] to ouercome:
For, they are too Light that in Theſe but waigh
VVhat Luſters, not what Louers ought to ſay.

Sic transit gloria Mundi.

Life, ſtay; or if thou wilt not, let my Soule
Moue with thee to the Reſt, Thou mouſt to;
The Twyne, by which thou hangſt, Time vp doth rowle
On Heauns round reeling Sheares, which thee vndoo;
Then, my Soule let Truth thy Vertues woo,

To ioyne their Force t' inforce th'Infinitie
Of this Lifes excesse in Deficiency,
For, truth to say, wee Bee, and Bee not bothe;
Wee Bee, in show,, but Bee not as wee ought:
If then wee Bee not but in show, in sooth,
Wee Are as if wee Were not; Ought, and Nought,
Dying as soone as wee to Life are brought:
Twixt Generation, and Corruption
The Meane inclines but to destruction.
And, if we straine the Circle of our Thoughts
To comprehend some Essence of the same,
It is as if to esteeme a Shade we sought,
Or clos'd our Fist to hold the blast of Fame:
Yet, that is Aire, but Man is but in Name:
Then, looke how much a Name hath beeing found,
So much hath Man, which is a Sound, vnsound.
Vnsound it is: for, were it sound it were
That which fraile Man is nothing lesse then like:
For, Sounds haue Beeing: yea, they plaine appeare,
And, on the Organs of our Hearing strike:
Of which those Organs are, with vs, to seeke:
For, while the Sound resounderh wee are gonne:
So, are wee Solids that haue not Time, not Tone.
Then, Reason seeking for a reall Thing
Of Humane-nature, fowly is deceau'd:
Because the same hath no continuing,
But runnes his Race ere really perceau'd:
Whose Life, of Life, is instantlie bereau'd:
A Dreame? a Shade? ô no: its not so much,
A shadow of a Dreame, at most, is such,
That's the Similitude the Lord of Life
Doth vse to show our Lines vnbeeing Beeing:
What! in the World, where all things are to rise
It nought but Nothing to the same agreeing?
Which not appeares, nor scarse suppos'd by Seeing!
And, seeing scarse supposed then it is
To Nothing next, or Nothing alike to This.
And, as we cannot bathe twice in one Flood,
Sith still it runnes the same and not the same,
So, twice on our Estate wee cannot looke
And see in One, so soone it alters Frame:

Wee *are* and *are* not ſtraite, like Ligh'tnings Flame;
At once wee go, and come: ye, go, ere come,
VVhich is the Summe of *all* of *All*, and *Some*!
And, if wee liue long Liſe extremities
VVee die as many Deathes as Ages liue;
The Life of Youth, is Death of *Infancie*:
The Death of Youth, doth Life to Manhood giue;
So, of the reſt Death reſts in Liſes Deprriue:
To Day dies Yeſterday, to Morrow ſhall
This Day bee dead, and Night's their Funerall.
VVee change each Day as Dayes do riſe, and fall;
And, what is chang'd continues not the ſame;
If not the ſame, the ſame is not at all:
For, Change tranſformes the Nature, and the Name.
Our *Paſſions* are as fickle, as mid Winde;
Now This, then That, then next to This, and That,
Still changing, well *I wott*, t' *I wott* not what.
Thus, is our *Sence* deceaud, miſtaking that
Which but appeares, for that which is indeede:
And ſo our *Sence*, our Sence, doth Captiuate
To *miſ-conceit*, Corrupting Fancies Creede,
VVhich take *Not-being* in true Beeing ſtreete.
For, that is truly-falſe what ere it is,
That is but true in *Show*, and ſo is This.
To BEE, in deede, eternall is to *Bee*,
To Bee æternall, is to Bee alone:
To Bee alone, excluds the Pronowne, VVee,
Yet VVee do ſtand by that Trin-Vnion,
Though wee therewith hold no Compartnion.
And yet wee looke moſt like that Trinitie
In Vnderſtanding, VVill, and Memorie!
Tim's like a Leaking Veſſell which conſumes
Both Generations, and Corruptions
The Fates (like *Danaus* daughters) take the paines
To fill the ſame, as oft as our it runnes;
From whence do flow Times daughters, Glaue, and Sithe,
and theſe are Tearmes that to Time's
Before, and After; *it* hath bin, and ſhall
Which ſhow that no Time (but Eternitie)
Hath Being, for, wee cannot ſay that is
Which yet, is not; and, Now, doth ceaſe to Bee,

Or if wee ſay Time *Is*, Time ſhrinks at This;
Which cannot ſtand to proue that Terme for His:
For, NOW (the Notion, which Denoteth Time)
Is Paſt, while Preſent, and is Laſt, while Prime!
Then, if Time Bee, it is Paſt, or Future;
The Paſt, *Is* not; the Future, Beeing wants it
Becauſe it is to come, and moſt vnſure,
For, Time ſtill houers where no Beeing haunts;
Sith Time, and Beeing ſtill are Diſcrepants:
Then, That (as erſt was ſaid) Eternall is
Which Is, in Deede, and only ONE is This!
Of whome it cannot properly be ſayd
Hee Hath Byn, or Shall Bee: *These* Turnes of Time
Can neuer ſtand with That that's euer ſtaid;
Yet farre aboue Times higheſt Turnes doth climbe,
And, is the Firſt, and Laſt, and laſts in Prime:
Who by this NOW, ſpreads his Æternitie
Vnto the boundleſſe Bounds of Deitie!
For, hee is ONE, and *One Is*, and no more!
For, as what *Is*, ought to bee onely ONE:
So, onely ONE ought to Bee euermore,
Which *Is*, ſtill *Is*, *Is*, only, and alone
The Cauſe of All, *And cauſed is of None!*
To Him, alone, that *Is*, and only *Is*
Bee only Praiſe, ſith Praiſe is only His!

Non eſt mortale quod opto.

Reſpice finem.

WHen as *I* heare Times ſober Tongue (the Clock)
Call on me eu'rie houre to minde mine end,
It ſtrikes my hart with feare at eu'rie ſtroke
Becauſe ſo ill Time, life, and Breath *I* ſpend.
Then ſtraight reſolue I, to beſtow them all
Vpon that Lord of all, that gaue them mee:
When lo, the World vpon mee ſtraight doth call

And bids me look to it, left poore I be,
Twixt these two Calls I parted am in twaine,
The first my Spirit, the last my Flesh attends:
So twixt them two my pleasure is put paine,
For each the other euermore offends.
Sin tenders me all Ioyes, that ruith Sense,
And Sense doth pine if from Them It be held:
Grace offers Ioyes of much more excellence,
And faine my Spirit would with Them be held.
But in fraile Flesh Sense such a Cæsar is
That It Commands it to withstand the Spirit,
While it doth feed the Flesh with Earthly Blisse,
And so, my Spirit is vext with that it hates.
Thus, while I am distracted in desire
Time (in his Language, after long blowes given)
Tels me he flies, and bids me to retire
Before Confusion catch me in his iawes.
O Time (that thus endearst me to thy loue)
I constantly adore thy fickleneſſe,
That neuer mourst, but dost my Sences steepe
To mind thy flight, and this liues trickelneſſe.
O that I could make thee Eternity!
And honor thee, for this, with state diuine,
That with the God of Glory, thou and I
Might, like the Sun and Moone, for euer shine!
Teach me, ô learned long-experienc'd Time
To glorifie thee with some heauenly Art,
Whose humble Muſe would to thy Temples climb
To Lawrel-Crowne them, ere from Thee I part.
O let me be the Triton of thy praiſe:
Teach me to Trumpet foorth thy Excellence,
Let me (though moſt vnworthy) grace thy Dayes
With all that may delight Intelligence.
Let me by thee (deer Time) be brought to Death
Ere I abuſe thee in the leaſt degree:
For, he wins Bliſſe that doth but loſe his Breath
To be ſtill found, from Times Abuſes free.
Then now, ô now, (ſith now my Date is dealing)
Let me this Moment enter in the Way
Of Vertue, Grace, and holy Diſcipline,
And being in, thence, let me neuer ſtray:
For Procraſtination doth but Plagues procure.



Due

Due to protraction of Conuersions
Then, Time with Plagues my wayward Will Coact
To turne to Grace, ere my subuersion.
Let it suffice that I haue thee abusd
Since I was borne, in Wrongs not to be borne:
Then be thou, by me, hence foorth rightly vsd,
Or let me, by Thee, die, or liue forlorne:
For, I am wery, now of wronging Thee,
Then let me flee from Vice as thou dost Flee.

A blind man cannot see the default of his Eyes.

WEll, what of this? this restlesse toile for State,
What is the end of that which Care begins?
And, without Worlds of Guifts, gets Worlds of Hate,
Is this the All Pride (at All casting) winns?
Must Truths Disciples, Graces Officers,
Sacred Apostles (Saints by calling) strive
For Headship by vnciuill-ciuil Wars
Though they beleeue they meanly ought to liue?
Nay, but for this, if those resplendant Spirits
That do surround the highst Celestiall Throne
Adusance themselues aboue their place, and Merits
For which they worthily were ouerthrowne,
Then, Iudgement where dost thou enthrone thy Seate
That should be in the Kingdome of the Braine?
Dost thou that Seate (sith Pride vsurpes it) hate?
And only in the Humble dost thou raigne?
Then, where are they? true Iudgement tel me where?
If neither with the Angels, Saints, nor Men
They may be found, (as it doth well appeare)
Where shall we seek for these so humble then?
Or is the totall Summe of All, but One
Who was made truly humble for vs all?

And doſt thou reſt in him (meek Lamb) alone
Leuing vs to our ſelues to riſe, or fall?
Then, woe to vs that mad are for thie wane,
And doe we wot not what in what we doe:
Who ſeeke, for nought, each other to ſupplant:
For, Lordſhips haue their Lodes made faſt thereto.
We ſtriue for That which bringeth vs but ſtrife
With griefe and care among, oft wrack vvithall:
We venter life, to win a vveary life;
And riſe, by all meanes, by all meanes to fall.
So vve be vp but for a day, vve deeme
Our Neck vvel broken, & its vvorth a Neck
But for an houre a King to Be, or ſeeme
Vnto his Mates before to giue the Check.
If vve can catch a place aboue our Peers
(Although vve come thereby by peeuiſh ſin)
We vveen vs no ſmall fooles (as it appeares)
When vve (alas the vvhile) ſtark mad haue bin.
Such is our Iudgement, ſuch our temperance,
And ſuch the ſtate of thoſe that State affect,
Whoſe State, and Staie hath ſuch continuance
As they that ſeek it no time in effect!
Then, O my Soule ſince thou canſt thus diſcourſe
(As many can whoſe Courſes are ſtark naught)
Be better ſtaid, or run a better Courſe
Far from the riſe of any mounting thought.
Look in the Inwards of theſe outward Things;
And note the Lyning of the roiaſt Robe;
Its powdred Ermyne, pepperd vvith Stings
That, like a Nettle, makes the vveater rub.
If thou affect a Kingdome, let it be
Heauen, or the happy Kingdome of CONTENT:
Which bleſſed Kingdomes are ordaind for Thee
If thou affect but thine owne gouernment.
Be Queen but of thy ſelfe and thou ſhalt be
In Heauen Crowned vvith Immortalitie,
Where Saints, and Angels ſhall ſtill honor thee,
For ſwaying vvel thy little Signiory.
And ſith thy Pilgrimage is almoſt paſt
Thou needſt the leſſe Viaticum for its
For, being tird to lode thy ſelfe at laſt,

With needleſſe Traſhe, would ſhow nor grace, nor witte.
Care for no more then thou maiſt beare, with ſpeede,
To beare thy Charge through this Vale of woe.
Superfluous things giue others that haue neede,
The leſſe thy Lode the better thou ſhalt goe.
Little ſerues ſoone-ſuffized Neceſſity
(Whoſe Stomack, ſmal and cold diſiects not much)
But nothing can Opinion ſatiſſie,
Which beeing more then ful for more doth grutche.
The greedy-ritch doe want the wealth they hold *Inſtructa*
Who pine with *Tantalus* amidſt their Store; *inopia eſt*
And (Midas-like) eu'n famiſh with their Gold, *in diuitijs*
The more they haue, their miſery the more. *cupiditas.*
The next degree to Nothing Nature ſerues
Sith ſhe with leſſe then Little is content,
The Hedges rowes meate, the Riuer drinke reſerues
To keepe her in good plight, and better bent.
The Birds finde meate for ſeeking euery where,
The Higheſt hand ſtil ſtrowes it in their way;
And ſo may temprate men ſtil finde it there
Where ere the Birds doe finde their ſtomack Staie.
For *Creſſes*, *Rootes*, *Hippes* *Hawes*, *Sloes*, and ſuch Cates,
Are Common, (as the *Aire*) to take, and eate,
This meate ſerues Nature though it ſerue not States,
And longeſt liuers had no other meate.
Let Gluttons glutt their Gutts vntil they crack
With all the Kickſhawes Cookrie can deuiſe;
And let them lay on lode vpon their Back
Of gaudy Geare; thou needeſt none; then be wiſe.
Puft-panch doth ſoon'ſt the Kite a pudding yeelde;
Full Gorges belk, if not much rather ſpue,
Moſt fulſomely: for being ouerfilled,
It ſelfe with hate doth then it ſelfe purſue.
At Beſt, theſe ful Ones can themſelues but ſtretche
Vpon their Ivory Bedds, or feede their luſt:
For, they muſt ſtill be feeding til they catche
That which wil feede on them til they be duſt.
And what's a coſtly Cote but comberous
Vnto the Maker and the Wearer too;
To keepe off cold and heate we Clothes ſhoulde vſe,
Which Howſe-wiues cloth doth Without more a doo.

And ſo the ſame be found, and ſweet, we may
In Clothing of that kind beſt ſtir, or ſtand;
When as theſe Garments ritch, and ouer gaie
Do rather vs, then vve do them, command:
If Garments m ſt diſtinguiſh needs, Degrees
[Though Vertue makes the plaineſt Coat to ſhine]
Yet more then needs with no Degree agrees.
So ſaith King *Iames*, ſo ſaith the Word diuine.
No more of this; ynough, if not too much
(But nere too much againſt too much is ſed)
Is ſed hereof, and Great ones will but grutch
Sith with their Buſines *I* am buſied:
They hird me not: then, profferd ſeruice ſtinks,
No more my Muſe; thy Lady on thee winks.

There is no greater plague then Boldneſſe and Powr, when they are accompanied with Ignorance.

WHen Heaun and Earth, and all their Furniture,
Were made, their maker made Man laſt of al;
As being his Maſter-peece, chiefe Creature,
For whom the reſt were made: He, Generall,
To whom ſuch perfect Wiſedom was aſſigned
That without Learning He knew all that was:
And namd each Thing according to their kind
VVhich Names, to vs (as we) from *Him*, do paſſe.
VVho being thus made (made, I may double ſay,
Sith He was double made, made Man, and Great:
Great, like his God, Gods Creatures all to ſway)
And, in an Earthly *Heaun*, held his Seat:
VVheras He would, *He* liud ſo on his VVill:
Reſted His life, or death, *His* VVeale, or VVo:
And, while *His* VVil his Makers did fulfill

So long he knew but what he ioyd to know,
Hee knew al that was made was perfect good.
But knew, saue God, nought vnmade, perfect Euill)
And to *He* knew not, or misvnderstood,
The name and nature of the craftie Diuel,
He liu'd as free from VVant, as Wickednesse
As long as in his Good-wil was no want:
Then Earth bare fruit, vntill'd, in blest excesse:
For God himselfe the same did sow, and plant.
Riuers of Nectar ran an golden Sand
(With siluer-cleerenesse) through that Pardice;
That, had he thirsted, Drinke was strait at hand,
And all that might him free from preiudice.
The Tree of Life (to keep off Age, and Death,)
Ther stil did florish, in eternal springe:
So, like to Gods, immortall was *His* Breath:
For, all he Fedd on Health to *Him*, did bringe.
So, his Flesh, health: His Spirit, tranquilitie
Enioyd, in height of highest excellence,
Which height came neere the high'st Felicitie:
For, with Him God still made his residence.
Hee naked was, and yet Hee knew it not:
For, Cold, or Heate could tell *Him* no such thing;
Much lesse could Shame: for, Shame of Ill's begott;
And Ill hee knew not, nor whence It did spring.
The Spring of Ioy (the High'st) did euer feede
His passing pleasures Streames, with fresh supply:
So, still hee was as farr (in show, as Deede)
From want of *Ioy*, as ioyes facietie.
The Cause whereof, in *Him* wrought rare Effects,
Who, without Labour, his Lords Heasts could keepe:
Whose Heart burnd, like a Beacon, with Affects
that show'd, in Danger, he did neuer sleepe.
Who if hee stirr'd, and exercis'd his Limbes,
T'was not for neede, but them to recreate:
Which stirr'd not till in Pleasures Seas he swimms:
For, still he bathd therein, in restfull state!
And yet the more those boundlesse Seas to make
With new Spring-Tides of Ioy, [as yet vnselt)
God, of his Ribb, a sleepe, makes him a Make,
On whome, (awake) for ioy, his Hart doth melt.

And seeing Him[for all he saw he knew]
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh (said he)
This Creature is for, in my selfe the grew,
And as my selfe Ile loue, hir while we Be.
This nay(alas) This naught is to the Good
That He enioyed in that earthly Heault,
Which by Mans Thought cannot be vnderstood:
Whereof[alas]we through him are bereaue.
For, He was warn'd but one Tree not to touch,
The Tree of Knowledge, by which well he knew
He naked was, and sham'd to know so much:
For Shame doth Euil euermore ensue.
Then euil was it that he knew, and did;
When through his serpentine seduced wife
He tasted of The Tree which was forbidd:
So, Lost wee, with Him, Paradice, and life,
None otherwise then by our Lawes wee see
The Sons plagu'd for the Sires successively;
For, if the Sire a proued Traitor be
Hees plagu'd him selfe, and his Posterity.
Which with highst Iustice, iust proportion holds;
So wills the Highst, whose Will giues Iustice forme
Whose Grace true Iustice eue rmore infolds
Then neither can or will he It deforme.
Hence comes it that from Loue we fall to Lust
(Fowle Lust thats but the Excrement of Loue)
And hence it is we proue in both vniust
When Lust another Way our Mind doth moue.
Thus was a Woman made the Instrument
Wherewith the Deuil did mans Eare allure
To heare the Syren Sins first Straines consent,
Which drue him on to Death, which vve endure.
And vvhat but Wo-men cause our Sonnetring
Wherein we show vvhat languishnes vve haue
Within our Soules for them, which often bring
Our Minds to naught, and Bodies to the Graue?
Whose Tongues drue vertue from the Tongue of Eue
(If it be Vertue vvhich to Vice doth draw)
To make vs loue, then, What they Lift, beleeue:
For, Lou's as free from Reason, as from Law.
O VVo-men (that vvere made, but for Mens sake

To helpe, and comfort them in weale, and wo)
Why do your ſelues your ſelues their plaguers make,
And Croſſe the Cauſe of your creation ſo?
Do not, o do not ſo degenerate:
From what ye ſhould be, by creation:
You giue vs life, and life abbreuiate:
So make and mar our Generation:
But if you will be like your Mother Eue.
When you haue vs vndone; helpe vs to liue.

In iudicando criminoſa eſt celeritas.

TO cut off life by Law of ſuch whoſe Crimes
Fall out as euill, from an hopefull good
May proue, though iuſt, iniurious to the Times
Wherein they liue, in deed, or likelihood:
For, Iuſtice though ſhe equall be to all
Yet, by aduice of Prudence ſhe doth ſpare
Hopefull Delinquents though they fowly fall
Only becauſe they oft moſt hopefull are:
For had *Miltiades* at firſt bin ſlaine
When he in Cherſonеſus tyranizd,
Where had the Battaile bin got on the Plaine
Of *Marrathon*, that's ſo immortalizd?
Or els had *Cimon*, or *Themiſtocles*
Bin done to death for their laſciuious life
(For vvhich proſcribd was *Alcibiades*)
How had the *Athenians* conqueſt been ſo rife?
The Battailes neere the flood *Eurimedon*
Had not bin gaind to their paſt, gaineful good;
Nor from the Mountaine *Artemiſion*
Had they ſent ſtreaming downe their Foemens Blouds
For, royall Mynds, greate Harts, and actiue Hands

(With nimble Wit among) can nought effect
But what with wonder (if not glory) ſtands,
Sith meane Attempts they do (as baſe) reiect.
Nor can their Natures motion idle be
That is ſo reſtleſſe quick, and violent,
(Still working like a Billow of the Sea)
Til it bee ſtaid in ſome moode premanent.
But as vnskilfull Huſbandmen reiect,
The fatteſt Grounds ſith they beare Weeds, or worſe:
When expert'ſt Huſbands thoſe in chiefe elect
Sith well they wott, fatt Grounds make fatt their Purſe.
So do, at firſt, greate Witts, and haughtie Sprights
Produce ſtrange fruits that feede butleane Decay
Which wee deteſting weene they had their rights
To bee cut off, and ridd out of the way:
Which doth proceede from iudgment moſt deprau'd,
Though in deſire that Iuſtice might take place,
Sith if thoſe Men had bin in mercie laud
They for that mercie might their Countrie grace:
For when with Iudgments beſt-diſcerning Eye
Wee ſee good matter in an euill Man,
As Courage, VVitt, and great actiuitie
Wee long muſt hope, he will do wel, that can:
For, Age with Vertue is Cooperatiue.
Youths prone to Vice, ſith Vice doth cocker it:
So they, in time, great matters may achiue
That may their King, and Kingdome benefit:
Then each wiſe Iudges iudgment hath this ſcope
To ſpare the hopeleſſe Felon full of hope.

Fortuna vitrea eſt, quæ cum ſplendet, frangitur. Publi.

GREATNESSE what great Good doſt thou containe,
T'allure the VVill to bee in loue with thee?
Iſt ſouraigne-Good to bee a Soueraigne
VVhen high'ſt degree of Ills threats that Degree?
VVho buyes a Crowne with neuer-ending Care

Buy e

Buyes Gold too deere by al that Life is worth:
For, Care doth nought but Life to Death prepare,
Yet, vnprepard to meet Death flieth foorth:
For, Kingdoms Cares so many are, and great,
That they constraine the Thought but them to mind;
That though vntimely Death they do beget,
Yet Thought [though free] from thought thereof they bind!
Then, ô my Soule, poore Soule! ritch in Conceit,
(Which dost conceiue Kings glittering misery
To be (as tis) false pomp, true perils Baite)
Suffice thee still with meere Sufficiency.
Make me aswell content to be the least
As others are well pleasd the Greatst to be;
Sith Man in honor liues, and dies a Beast:
For, Men proue oft base Beasts in high degree.
Let mine ambition reach but to Content,
And that Content reach but the Mean to touch:
Thats All; sith its omni-sufficient
More meet for richest Mynds then more then Much.
There may I sitt by Vertues surest side,
(For in the Meane shee doth hir selfe install)
Secure from wrack, while those that Scepters guide
Do find no meane betweene their Rise, and Fall,
VVhere I may, all vnseene, see all the rest
Of this Worlds Reuolutions; and make vse
Of Best, and VVorst discreetly for my best
And store my Mind with Matter for my Muse:
Like a Spectator that doth sitt at ease
Secure vpon the Shore, and thence doth see,
How others are neere sincking on the Seas
In ceasselesse Stormes that full of danger bee:
Or like a looker on a Tragedie
VVithin the Middle Roome, among the Meane,
I see the fall of State and Maiesty
VVhile mongst the Presse a Piller sure I leane:
So see I others sorrowes with delight
Though others sorrowes do but make me sadd:
But plagues to see, which on our selues might light,
Free from their fall, makes Nature, grieuing, gladd.
VVhere while I see some Phaeton striue to guide
The Sunne of Souraigntie, I see him set

All

All, in Combustion, so dissolues, through pride,
All Mouers causing his Ambitions heate:
Where I may see but late-Court-Minions dyed
Liue like to Spunge[hard squizd]alaue, and dead
Through change of Kings, or Kings opinions:
For, when their Heads fall off, off falls their Head.
Or if they find more grace in Fortunes Frownes
To liue (as in an Hell) a Liuing Death
They well may Chronicle what holds in Crownes
Which turne about (like Fanes) eun with a Breath.
There may I Nobles see vnnobly striue
Who shall be greatst in grace, for want of grace,
Who by the damage of each other thriue
And grace themselues b'each others great disgrace.
While (vnperceaud) I laugh to see how thay
(Like Fiends) each other restlesslly torment,
And, blesse my state that on their Plagues may play
In my Minds mirry Kingdome of CONTENT.
In few, there may I see how all Estates
That lifted are aboue the myrry Meane
Do, falling stand twixt Dangers and Debates,
Whiles of their Falls I make a swelling Sceane.
So that this World, the Sea of misery,
Becomes my Helicon, and Streames affords,
To make my Muse to flow, still swelling hie,
In matter far aboue the reache of Words.
Then, you that, shouldring, buckle for the best
Holding the Meane [the best of all] the worst]
Rest you, or else my Muse shall neuer rest
To make your States, and Strifs lothd as accurst.
And you, & you vnpassiond peacefull Harts
That with me liue secure in meane estate,
Be ioyfull though you play but simple Parts
Ye simply play the best, blithst, freest from hate.
And though these great Ones scorne our Case, and Cote,
Let vs laugh at them sith we know they dote.

A Dump vpon the death of the moſt noble Henrie late Earle of Pembrooke.



Death hath deſpoyld me of my deereſt friend;
My Deereſt friend is dead, and laid in Graue:
In Graue I lie full ſicke till the World ſhall end:
The World ſhall end, and end ſhall all things haue:
All Things haue end vpon Earth, that Nature wrought;
That Nature wrought ſhall vnto Duſt be brought:
To Duſt be brought the worthieſt Wights on Ground:
On Ground who liues, in Ground conſume he muſt:
Conſume he muſt whom Sorrow doth confound:
Sorrow doth confound the Mind that Care doth ruſt:
That Care doth ruſt, full ſoone Care will deuour:
Care will deuour where Care hath greateſt powr:
Where Care hath greateſt powr it frets the Heart:
It frets the Heart, and doth perplex the Spirit:
The Spirit perplext procures the Bodies smart:
The Bodies smart doth quite expell delight:
Expell delight, then Life is like to Death:
To Death I yeeld, yet cannot loſe my Breath:
My Breath, why didſt not forſake me then:
Me then, eun then, when that my friend deceaſt:
My friend deceaſt, eun as my Ioyes began:
My Ioyes began, eun as my Ioyes ſurceaſt:
My Ioyes ſurceaſt eun as my friend did dy.
My friend did die, and ſo would God might I.

I. D.

I (said vnto Laughter, what art thou mad? And to Mirth what

Among the Beasts, I know, is foreheard Fleet
(Though Lazie) some more Active then the Wolfe;
None take so sweet, or deale so subtile baites
As Mynheere Fox, for Profit, and for Pleasure.
The Goose, and Lyon will, by Nature, marry be
Marble doth weare, by gentle Stroakes of either hands
For Inspiration, even the dreaming Gates
And Ivory Gates, is the reason they so seldome open
To Truth, Farre sooner, shall a Camell through the Eye
But so doth hate, as, with bewitching Grace
It makes them willing whome it doth compell
To ioy in Pleasure, which procureth Smart
When Fortune smiles who then laughes not outright?
And oft (mad merry) plaies not with edge tooles?
Makes Pleasure, all their paine, their care, Delight
There, Mirth, with Ropes of Vanity, doth draw
These, in the Night, think how to spend the Day
[If thinking-sad Ambition let them rest]
In passe-time, so, Time passeth with all play
Til they lose All, and He the same hath got,
In Weale, we flote on Pleasures Streame, with ease,
In sugred satisfaction of our Sense:
And often seeke to sound those sensual Seas
With the deepe'st reach of our Intelligence,
Then wee embosom all that Myrth can yeeld
Musicions, Players, Buffons, Birds and Beasts
Do, at their pleasure, vs (most wanton) weeld:
And, deerer then our Wisedomes deeme their lests.
A Zane (farther off from Wit, then Grace
(And yet as farre from Grace, as Grace, from Synne)
That can as Fooles, prate with a brazen face)

When

(When ſober Wits keepe out) muſt needs come in,
Our Dainties will not downe with out ſome ſuch,
A Shameleſſe-graceleſſe, witleſſe Thing wee getr
To make vs Pate, as fooles, with Laughing much
And on his follie feede, to make vs eate.
My Lady thee will laugh as madd thee were
(Lord! why ſhould Mirth make ſober Ladies madd?)
If thee but ſee Him, like an Aſſe, to ſleere;
So thee (kind Mule) to ſee an Aſſe is glaid.
And when ſuch Buffons ball, and Cornetts ſound
(The Ghefts loud-Laughing) Who can then bee heard
That ſpeakes like Phillippe Page, as ſhrill, as ſound,
That Voice hath then no grace, and leſſe regard
And if one ſober Soule, amonge the reſt,
Do mind the reſt of their Exceſſe, in This
Some ſeeming wiſe-man makes him ſtraight a Jeſt,
While all, as at a Gooſe, like Geeſe do hiſſe.
Then one Gooſe (that ſeemes reaſon moſt cauſe)
Yeelds him a reaſon for their hiſſing ſo;
And ſaith that Wiſedome doth his ſelfe reiect,
When thee comes out of ſeaſon ought to do.
This Diu'l with reaſon, dammnes Diuinity,
And, with his Wiſedome, ſtopps ſelfe Wiſedomes Mouth,
Which ſaith, all Seaſons wee ſhould mortibe
Our Eares, to heare the lively Word of TRVTH!
Paule, hold thy peace; thou bleſſed Saint be ſtill:
(Though if thou preach not, thou ſaith) wo to Thee)
Leſt they do hiſſe thee too, for thy good will;
Who hold all Geeſe that not madd-merry bee,
Tell them they ought in ſeaſon, and without
Theſe are the Word of Life: they, dead in ſinne,
Will, for thy zeale, requite thee with a Boute;
For in to quite ſuch zeale they vſ'd haut but
The moſt voluptuous ouer-wanton Rigge
Proud Plentie, ſcornes meeke Pieties VVoman-hood;
And, ſwelling Supra-abundance lookes ſo bigg
That nought it ſees ſo Low as Sober modeſt.
Variety of Crownes, Robes, Mirth, and Meate
And all that rauiſh, Senſe, with ſweet'ſt delight
Theſe are the Heau'ns deſired of the GREATE
VVho weene no Heau'n not Hell it out of ſight.

Frolick

Frolicke great-great Ones, while there Heauns you hold
Sith you will not attend true VVisedomes VVord,
Laugh and bee fatt, sith al you touch is Gold,
Though that foode your Soules fauishment and dee.
Soule? tush, what Soule? how idly doth thou chatt,
Madd Muse, that now [they thinke] doth Poetize.
There is no Soule, nor no such Thing as that:
These are but Fictions, Law-confirming Lies.
VVhat resurrection? Pish, who euer came
From Death, to Life? VVho can Cadauers raise?
Some say a Nazarite once did the same,
But Tacitus nor Machiauel so thinke.
These were wise Men, in deede, and knew of such
If such had said it, we might trust their VVord:
But, fow'r poore Fellowes poorely it doth vouch
That often with themselues do fearle accord.
VVho had no action in the Common-weale
No Office, no Command, nor no great Name,
Yet wee [forsooth] for vaine Soules only zeale
Must credit them in all their prattle-blame.
These are the damnd discourses of these Diuells
Thus, their blasphemous Tongues accuse the Truth:
Whose greatest goodnesse is in greatest faults
And growing Greate, through Mischiefe, hate their growth.
Great Wit should haue great Grace the Law to guide
Or Wits owne greatnesse will it selfe oppresse
Or make it runne to rage, it selfe beside,
And sucke the Owner in the deep it dresses.
If Wit, and Wealth consurre, to Hell they runne,
If Grace, in mighties measure, stay
Who are vndone, if they be not vndone
Before they do receiue their latest Doome?
For, Frolick Fate is most vnfortunate
If sanctified Discretion hold not in
Vanity Nature, then, in sober gate!
For, from Abundance, springs abundant sinne.
In Weakhes excesse to be most continent
Is most miraculous, and seldome seene:
For, Appetite is then most violent.
And Passion, with high-hand, growes Reasons Queene.
Then Pleasure's diuine, and most Perfect, seene.

Mad

Madd-Mirhes rudeshand the Soule a ſunder teares:
Which is diſtracted by Ioyes violence,
Aſwell as by Griefes Gripes, or ſodaine Feares,
Thee that doth the happieſt Scate poſſeſſe
Looke well within him, and without him too
Hee lightly ſhall ſee cauſe of heauyneſſe,
Seeing All to threaten him quite to vndoo.
But hardly ſhall hee finde a cauſe of myrth
(Though hee ſought all the World the ſame to finde)
Sith Sorrow only is our right of Birth,
With Labours of our Body, Soule, and Mind.
O Myrth (ſtrong Strumpett!) Whore to Worldly Weale,
O Laughter (Light Thing!) Baude to both thoſe Beaſts,
Why do you not your Luxury conceale
But that bewray which Modeſtie deteſts?
It is becauſe yee are madd; as are thoſe
That willinglie ſtill reſt at your diſpoſe.

Omnium rerum vicissitudo est.

Terence.



AS I me ſate vpon a Riuer ſide
And markt the Water how it paſt away,
And how that paſt, with like, was ſtraight ſupplide,
That ſtill is paſt, and ſtill held at a ſtay,
Mee thought t'was like this * Sea of ſorrowes Tide, the
Wherein the Race of Man-kinde runneth ſo:
For, downe the Streame of Days, to Death we glide,
And ſtill Some come, as faſt as Others go.
And as the Streame with many Reaches runnes;
So runnes our Courſe, with many way-ward Reaches:
This, ill it runnes to, and that Good it ſhunnes;
And, to ruume out of Courſe, makes many Breaches.
Then, with my ſelfe I thus diſcourſt, at laſt,
I, with the reſt, am running downe this Streame:
Here now, there then, then, preſently am paſt;

Like

Like Streames swift Course, if not much more extreme:
For, ah, I cannot think how swift I flee
But I flee swifter then that Thought, to Death:
For, Times least Partes, then Thoughts much braver beare,
Which Thought, with thought, my thoughts me shortneth:
I am orewhelm'd in Thoughts, as deepe as hell
And high as Heau'n; when thus my state I weigh:
And twixt those Thoughts I (as intraunc't) do dwell,
While Time drawes mee to Death the neerest way.
For, Thought breedes Melancholie, which doth breede
The Enemies of Health; and, they do seise
(In Flesthes Earth) our Dissolutions Seede,
That vs dissolues when it begins to grow.
If from my selfe I do my selfe diuide
(The longer, so, to keepe my selfe intire)
And giue my Sense delight, my Thoughts to guide
To Mirth, abroade for health: they straite retires
And, sooner can long married Men forgett
They married are, then I forgett the Thought
To which I owe my selfe, as dueft Debt,
Since I was matcht so ill and knew it Nought:
For, if I lett my easi-mooning Minde
(With lighest shock turne from his weightie Point)
It rests no where, but in this Point, by Kinde;
So, Lighest Purposes doth disappoint.
The Elements, though full at Warre are mayre,
Do yet, in firme accord, mine ende conspire:
For, if they hasten, fish they disagree
Which well agrees to make me ymmire.
Then, O why should I add fond care, to Care
When one's of powre the Powres of Life, to foile?
Why should I care to spend, and care to spare,
To spare a Life which sparing doth but spoile?
Why should I care to liue, fith die I should
If I would liue quite free from Thought and Care?
For, Thought's the Deede by which this life we hold,
Which yet determines Life, ere Thought forbeare.
Suppose with cark, past Care, I could obtaine
A golden Crowne (but better I wrest of Baies)
And with Hell-paines a tripple One attaine,
What gott I but more Care to ende my Dayes?



And

Had were Time ſtaid, and Life moſt ſtedfaſt too;
Such endleſſe Kings, had gott but endleſſe Cares:
And ſo the longer Life, the more adoo:
The more adoo, the Doore worſer fares.
While thus my Thoughts are scuppring, lo, with Time,
Time hath ſtollen on mee, to ſteale mee away?
Angrie, with Time, I go: hark, hark, the Chime
With Muſicks charming Notes Time cannot ſtay:
And, if not Muſick, no Mirth vnder Sunne
Hath pow'r to ſtay Him, but, Mirth Paſſe time is:
By It, the ſooner, Time away doth runne:
Then, Life is wretched both in Bale, and Bliſſe!
If it be wretched, lothſome is it then;
If ſo, then ſo wee are, to loue it ſo:
Men-Beaſts wee bee, that reaſon want of Men,
To Loue our Priſon, perill, paine, and wo.
Thus while, with healthfulbreath, I breathe out This
I can contempne this Life, and thoſe condemne
That are in Loue with it, as with their bliſſe,
But, were Death neere, I might be one of Them.
Yet, let me not my dying Heart bely
(Which dyeth as it liues, in thought of Death)
It nought (but Heav'n) deſires more then to dy;
And, yeeld, to endleſt reſt, my weary breath.
Weery, I well may tearme it, that ſtill toiles,
To keepe a toileſome Life from endleſſe reſt:
So, wrongeth Life the more, the more it moiles:
Which is at worſt, when it is at the beſt!
O Breath, fraile Breath! (baſe-Daughter of the Aire)
Flie to thy Mother, me no longer griue:
Nor, would I dy, becauſe I do diſpaire
But dy, becauſe I hope, in reſt, to liue.
Here is but Toile, and thou holdſt mee to It;
Which I abide, ſith Thou abidſt in mee:
So, but loſſe wynn I, by thy benefitt,
The loſſe of Reſt, that reſtleſſe am through thee:
Yet, till thy Giuer take thee, make no haſt:
For, I was borne to toile, for reſt, at laſt.

Diſſi-

Difficilia quæ pulchra.



THE Coasts nail, [illegible] WORD,
Sole WISDOMS [illegible] HIGHST,
Sole KING of Kings, [illegible] LORD,
And be only HEAD of CHURCHES, JESVS CHRIST.
In compleate Time [illegible] MIRACLE,
Of a pure VIRGIN [illegible] Work, that was
The Promise of [illegible] ORACLE
That are in Love [illegible] THAT should come to pass
But, were DOOMS [illegible] LOVD
Yet, let us not [illegible] Heart by
(Which by [illegible] in this
It troubles (but Heaven) [illegible]
And, yield, to all [illegible]
Weary, I yet may [illegible]
To keep a [illegible]
So, wrongeth [illegible]
Which is a word, [illegible]
O Breach, Breath! (Pale Death
Nay, would I [illegible]
But dye, because I hope [illegible]
There is but I and [illegible]
Think I abide, this Thou
So, but [illegible]
Whether [illegible]
Yet, think [illegible]
For, I was [illegible]

To [illegible]
Was [illegible]
And, [illegible]
It [illegible]
And, [illegible]
Wherein, [illegible]
Which is [illegible]
Shepherds [illegible]
The guiding STARE [illegible]
And Doctors [illegible] ALL HIM GREET [illegible]
Who in his [illegible]
With GOD and Men [illegible] GOD, and Man was HEE
Regarded by him which made and gave Him place
That HE shall make Princes Prisoners from
Commanding FLESH [illegible]
The World with [illegible]
And when the WERES of DANIEL [illegible]
Fighting and sought RIGHTS Rulers to [illegible]
Sometimes, with Words, that wonder-wasted men,

Some

Wonderous, with Deedes, that Angels did admire!
Mercy, still, with Iustice, (welcome when)
Hee (as HEE was) God and man entire,
He sought EARTH, Truth and BELIE, to know her error:
He showed the MEEDE ordain'd for Good, and Bad:
Then to confirme All [to All's ioy, and terror]
Hee calm'd the Elements: reform'd the mould:
Heal'd all Diseases brought, to life the Dead:
The quicke obedience, secret thoughts, to sight;
To Heaven restrain'd, or to be banished,
And lastly to the Deuill, feare and flight!
These [notwithstanding] and much more then these,
(For, all the World the Books would not comprise)
That of his Acts should hold the working-Seas,
Which to a boundlesse Magnitude do rise!
Hee was, (alas, when he had vnder-gon
All Paines and Passions (Sin all onely, fond)
Proper to Man [yet had his God-head flowne)
By his owne People, scorned and depraued!
Yea, by his owne (his owne elected Officer
Iudas, betraying Him) He was assaulted,
Arrested, corded, and bound, (gainst hold here, and there,
With Thorns, Crown'd, crucified, and worse abus'd!
So He, (All being fulfild: the Sun obscur'd,
The Earth, all quaking, Graues self-opening,
And NATVRES Frame dissoluing) Death, endur'd
Life, thereby, to his limmes, to bring!
Then, being interd, loos'd Hell: and, rose againe
In triumph, hauing conquer'd Death, and Sin:
And forty Daies, (with HIS) on Earth did raigne
A Man: GOD glorifi'd, without, and in!
And, of his age, the three and thirtith Yeare,
He, in the sight of his Saints, did assend
To Heauen, with glory, triumph, ioy and cheere,
And sits on his right Hand that Him did send!
From whence [being now our Spokes-man] He shal come
(When all this All shall melt in funerall fire)
On Quick, and Dead to giue his finall Doome:
When, as their Works shalbe, shalbe their Hire.
Then, Good, and Bad diuided, endlesly,
The Worle refind, and all things put in frame,

To this greate Iudge, the totall EMPERY
Shalbee giu'n vp, of this Greate-double FRAME!
To whome Celestiall, and Terrestriall Knees,
And Knees infernall, shall for euer bow:
And, eu'ry Tongue confesse, and Eye that sees,
That HEE is All, in All, in High, and Low,
Vnto His glory that VVas, Is, and shall
(In all Æternity) bee ALL, in All!

I long for Life, vnlike to Death.

SO runnes the Tenor of the Twelve fills
Exisling by the Means of three fel Foes,
The Flesh, the World the Deuill euer spills
(Wo's miserable miserable Men with mortal bloes,
Yet, like Fiends, taking pleasure but in paine,
[In paine that to noe perfect profit tends]
We seeke to rule, and if we can to raigne,
And rule, and raigne but for vnruly Ends.
O Rest [the Image of that Sabath sweete
VVherein sweete Saints do frō their Labours rest!
O riche repose of Spirit, for Angells meete!]
How do I toile to bee of Thee possest!
Then Slouth it is not that delights my VVill,
Nor, would mine Vnderstanding idle bee;
But, both desire to bee in Action still,
Yet rest in action like the Trinitie!
The Date of my lifes Lease is neere expird,
Yet labour I for life, fish still I swimme
In Sorrowes Seas, as one as neerely tride
As bee is neere the Bottome, or the Brym.
I scarse can keepe me Head aboue the VVaues
VVith all my Laboures, my Starres are so crosse!
Yea, vnder VVater oft my Science dawes,
From Death, my Life, which Stormes of Troubles tosse,
But as the Deluge, swelling more, and more,

Made th'Arke thereby to Heau'n-warde mount a paces
So, when Afflictions VVaues increase their Store
They lift me vp thereby the more to Grace.
Yet, as they multiplie, their struggle's so
That they turmoile my Bodie, toyle my Mynd:
For, both in anguishe flote when Sorrowes flo;
And, sorrowes flow from Fortunes Ebbe, by kind.
So, that I cannot yet that Rest attaine
Which my poore Soule, and Spirit so requires;
I, longing, labour for it, yet in vaine:
For, base Defect withstands my high Desires,
And by how much the more for it I longe
So much the more I do Worlds weale neglect;
Wherein my selfe and my Desires I wrong:
That are the more suppresst by that Defect.
I was not moulded, sure in earthlie Mould,
(Though of the Filth thereof my Flesh was fram'd)
For, if I were, then sure it fitt mee should;
But, nothing lesse, whereof I am asham'd.
I see some Men (who when wee weigh their Witt,
Wee, as miraculous, their wealth admire)
To this Worlds Mould do make them selues as fitt
As if their VVitt, and Mettall were all Fire!
Yea some meere Blocks, that are as blunt, as base,
Rise from still lying but in Durt, and Dung,
To high estate [which standeth with their Case]
Though Fate, through too much right, them too much wrong!
Yet I [whose Braines are plac'd in better Cells
And haue the influence of clearer light)
Can compas nothing by Witts magick-Spells
[These charming Numbers] but mine owne delight.
I stoln am from my self, by nine svveet Queenes
[Who do predominate my Witt, and Will)
While Time steals from me both my Life, and Meanes;
And leaues mee nought to liue with, but my Skill.
Yet from Times Wings I steale his blackest Plumes
(The Night) to rest in motion of my Muse;
And til my Witt by stealth of Time consumes,
In spight of VVant, this wealth of VVitt Ile vse.
And with Aurora [raiser of the Muse]
Ile wake if Rests friend [Sleepe] should rest mine Eyes:

To steale from Time, what I may ſtille vſe,
So to ſupplie Times want with's owne Supplies:
And for the Stuffe whereof Ile draw my Lines,
It ſhall bee ſuch as from his Throne ſhall come,
VVhoſe Muſe-immortalizing Spirit them twines;
And (Silkeworme like) Ile worke me in my Tombe,
VVhere, though I, poore VVorme, from my Labours reſt
My VVorks well wou'n by ſome more dexterous VVitt,
May line perhapps the Note-bookes of the bluſh,
Yea, for Apparrell of the Mind be fitt,
And though the Viperous Iron Teeth of Time
May gnaw away, to wrack, through my VVorks VVoombe,
Yet if my Spirit, thereby aboue Him climbe
Lett my Lines ruynd bee, to giue Him Roome:
For, though content, I could bee, dead, to liue
In Fames ſtrongſt Fort (though Paper be the VVall,
And Senſe of Fame my life cannot ſurviue)
Yet if I riſe thereby lett my Fame fall:
For, what feeles Naſo that a VVorke compoſd
That liues, and ſhall, till Time bee Toothleſſe quite,
Sith hee's diſpoſd, where now hee' a indiſpoſd
To feele a VVinde that is ſo vaine, and light?
Yet heer's the VVinde that beares the VVorld away,
Though it bee weaker then the lightſt Mynd:
Then, weake is That ſo weake a Winde doth fraie,
And die they ought that liue but for ſuch Winde:
But, Vertue for hir ſelfe (and not for Fame
That as an Handmaide hir attendeth ſtill)
I chiefly do deſire, and let my name
Die in hir life, ſo ſhee may make my Will,
And, with hir leaue, to giue (and make no waſte)
My Time to draw Diuine Lines to the laſt.

An Ode in commendation of Muſick.

SAcred Muſick, Nurſe of Raptures highe,
Which feedſt the Soule with diuine Symphony,
What Words can prayſe Thee?
Whoſe Vertue tunes the diſcord of the Sphearcs,
And ties therto Diuines and Humane Eares;
Then can Winde raiſe Thee?
Whoſe ſweeteſt Aires do breathe foorth Wonders Winde,
Which mounts, aboue it ſelfe, the heavieſt Minde
In ſpight of Nature:
Whoſe holie Accents are ſo full of force
As can the Soule from Body quite deuorce
Of ſullenſt Creature!
VVhat is ſo dull of Sprite that hath but life
That loues thee not? Or who ſo full of ſtrife
To hate thy Concords?
Sith thou art Shee, who, with Soule-pleaſing Straines,
All peuerſe Paſſions of the Mind conſtraines
To ceaſe their Diſcords!
Our Soules (whome ſome ſuppoſ'd but Muſicke were,
Becauſe they moued are as *It* doth ſteere)
Do glorifie Thee!
The ſacred Quires that ring about the Throne
Of that more ſacred ESSENCE, Three, in One,
Do ſanctifie Thee!
That Holy, Holy, Holy which They crie
That are Subs-chaunters of Heau'ns Hermony
Records, thy glory;
VVhat ſhall I ſay? both Heau'n, and Earth conſpires
To raiſe the fame paſt reach of what aſpires
*Ie*tranſitorie!
And, in a VVorde, if I might cenſure Thee
That, next my Neereſt, art beloud of mee)
Thou art that Pleaſure,
VVho, in thy ſweeteſt Notes, (as well I note)
Haſt [like that Bliſſe that by ſweete Concord's got]
Nor Meane, nor Meaſure!

Nihil

Nihil tam bene dictum, quod non fuit dictum prius.

WEre all the VVits that mortall Braines immure
(By supposition, or in Deed) made one,
Yea though they vvere most subtile made, and pure,
By al the Helpes that Wit can think vpon,
They could not [though they did themselues distract
VVith strayning hard] a new Invention frame:
For, each new Deed doth turne into some Act
[In some yeares compasse] past, before the same.
Our Actions, and Inuentions are fast knit
Vnto the Spheare of Vniformity:
Though oft the same, with Differences, be mixt,
Yet they, with Like, past, hold conformity:
For, as the heaunly Orbs, in vvheeling, cause
The Stars to meet in oft coniunction,
For, from the like, the like Time often drawes
That rightest vvere in oppositions:
So, do our Words, and Deeds, vvith Turnes of Time,
Turn in't themselues: then, out, then in againe,
And, as a VVheele doth roundly fall, and climb:
So, Fashions, out of vse, come in amaine.
VVe cannot think of that hath not bin thought;
For, our more studious Ancients straind their Brains
Beyond ours reache, though vve in vaine, haue sought
To straine our VVits beyond their VVisedoms Straines.
To instance vvould but breed satiety;
But, breefly, Lets vs cite some fevv, For All:
VVho hath past Plato, in Philosophy?
VVho Master'd the Arte Poeticall?
In Oratory Craft, vvho hath out-stript
The Father of the Romaine-Eloquence?

VVhose

Whose Tongue, and Pen were so in Hony dipt
That now we lick him, to make sweet our Sense.
Then, for the Mathematicks, who compares
With Archimedes (Wonder of all Times.)
And who, for Musick, with Amphion dares
Play for the Prize, whose fame past Wonder climbs!
What Painter will not blush a Line to draw
With Zeuxis; whose bright name, bright Fame doth dim?
What Imager would not seem rude, and raw
Before Pigmalion, if he wrought with him?
By this small Touch, we well may tast the Whole
Huge Body-politick of Arts-men past:
Which is alike through-out; which Bodies Soule
Holds all that All are learning, to the last.
We may suppose w'haue lighted on a Vaine
Without this Body, when out Muse doth flo
In some Inuention, past the modern Straine;
But, Self-conceit makes vs imagin so:
For, read All extant, and if some, or all
Of thy Conceit were not comprizd in some
Thou art a Spirit, and no Man Naturall
Who speaks as he is taught, or els is dumbe.
This, idle-painfull-foolish-witty Worke
Pardon mee Patience to call it so]
I may conceaue in no Conceit did lurk
Before, from mine, it (thus made run) did flo:
But, God doth know on whose Vaine I haue lighted,
I know not, sith, I know, I know non such:
Yet, for indi'ing, I may be indited
For taking That which I ought not to touch.
If so I haue, it vvas through ignorance
Of vvhat right Others had, to what I haue;
And if Theirs be my Wits poore maintainance
Proue it; and I am theirs, to spill, or saue.
But, some there are that take most greedily
From the old Scrow, sith they know Nought is new:
If then they vvrite both vvel, and speedily
They but engrosse the Deeds that others drew.
Yet, sooth to say, how euer some may vaunt
They scorne to steale, yet They, yea, and their Heires
Take [by their leaues] and yet the World inchant.

With;

